THE DRIVE FOR AIR SAFETY THE WEEKLY

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Here's the compact car that threw the book away!

The key to this small miracle is America's first and only rearmounted aluminum engine-a lightweight air-cooled 6-so revolutionary it can be packaged with the transmission and drive gears as one compact unit. With power components tucked away in the rear. the Corvair's floor is practically flat. And that means plenty

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you. And with them you get economy and practicality that would never have been possible if Chevrolet. engineers had been content to make the Corvair merely a sawed-off version of a big car. Your dealer is the man to see for all of the short. and sweet details. Chevrolet Division of General Motors. Detroit 2, Michigan.





1. JUST ENGAGED OR JUST MARRIED? There's no better time to start MONY's 'ADD-ON' . . . designed to cover your present life insurance needs . . . to help meet changing situations as you go through life.

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2. NEW BABY? This is when it pays 3. NEW HOME? A MONY Mortgage Protection Rider can help sure your family a home instead of a debt. You 'ADD-ON' the rider to you more protection as needed. your basic MONY policy. Booklet tells about it.



TIME February 22, 1980



The Call Director telephone is available in 18-button and 30-button models—in green, gray or beige

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the touch of a button. Several different conference groups can be arranged. No need to reserve meeting rooms. No lost time in corridors and elevators. You get down to business fast by phone, right at your desk.

 You can have as many as 29 outside, extension or intercom lines at your fingertips all the time. You get more done, because you don't have to leave your office so often.

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Learn how the new Call Director telephone with Bell System intercom can be tailored to your firm's exact needs and improve its profit picture. Just call your Bell Telephone business office, and a Bell representative will bring you the whole story. No obligation.



This six-button telephone also offers a range of flexible intercom features.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

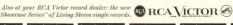


Your RCA Victor record dealer's second smash stereo sale!

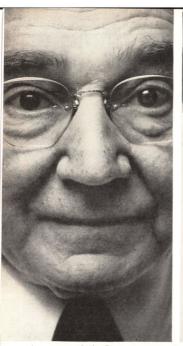
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Shown below are just a few of the more than 450 RCA Victor Living Stereo albums-the world's largest stereo catalog, starring the world's greatest artists. Every record features new, exclusive "Miracle Surface." Get the complete catalog at your RCA Victor record dealer. Limited time. Act today!

"Showcase Series" of Living Stereo single records.









A world-famous barber gives you his

HOW TO SHAVE WITH SHAVING FOAM:

Charles De Zemler, the renowned New York barber who has shaved many of the world's most fastidious men, says "Most men ruin a shave with too much foam! The best shave is the wet shave. You need a lot of water and a little foam." He recommends you shower first, as steam conditions your skin and beard. Then wash, rinse face and neck thoroughly to retove all perspiration. Leave skin wet. Apply about a teaspoonful of Yardley Shaving Foam. Yardley Foam is extra rich and a teaspoonful is all you need to get the perfect, light, wet lather. Inside tip: if your neck is sensitive, shave it first while it's wettest. Rinse with warm, not hot, water. And with any foam use After-Shaving Lotion.

HOW TO SHAVE WITH LATHER SHAVE CREAM:

"It's still the best shave around for my money," says De Zemler. "A good lather cream like Yardley has natural oils in it, not synthetics, so it's less drying. Softens your skin and beard better. But don't over-squeeze that tube! 34 of an inch of Yardley Shaving Cream gives you the light, wet lather you need." De Zemler recommends showering first to steam your skin and beard. Leave skin wet. Moisten brush with warm, not hot, water. Brush up a thin, wet lather. Inside tip: hold your razor under hot water for a good minute before shaving. Heat tempers steel; makes it mold to your skin better. Rinse. You don't need After-Shaving Lotion with a lather cream shave-but it's pleasant.





secrets on how to get a better shave

HOW TO SHAVE WITH PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE:

"To get a real 24-hour shaw with an electric razor . . . with out friction or irritation," says De Zemler, "you need a set shave nor a dry shave But it's a special kind of wet shave ... with a pre-electric. Yardley Pre-Electric Shaving Lotton, for example, conditions your beard the way soap and water conditions if for the straight razor. Eliminates perspiration

conditions it for the straight razor. Eliminates perspiration (op-ups, too. ... a problem with electric razors) Pre-Electric is one product I say use a lot of/ The more you use, the closer and more comfortable the shave! And shave before it's completely absorbed. Add more if needed." De Zemler also strongly recommends After-Shave to electric-razor-users. "Keep your skin in condition!" he urges.

HOW TO FINISH WITH AFTER-SHAVING LOTION:

"Some men seriously need After-Shave. Some don't. If you live in a hot climate you probably have more sensitive skin than the man up North, "says De Zemler. You need an After-Shaving Lotion like Yardley with the latest healing agents and good conditioning oils, Or, if you shave often, or with electric

razors, brushless cream or aerosol foam, you need it more than the man who shaves with a brush and natural soap lathers. How to use it? Splash it on. Enjoy it. Tip to men with hyper-sensitive skin: for you there is a special new Yardley Tender Skin Shay Lotion that soothes even the most sensitive skin. Sting-free, stickyfree, it's almost as great as not having to shave at all. YARDLE with

LETTERS

Guns Cocked or Dozing?

Your story "The Coming Missile Gap" is the most concise, comprehensive, fair and frank statement of the terrific problem of defense that we currently face that I have flict of recent testimony in a way that performs a real public service.

SAMUEL S. STRATTON Committee on Armed Services House of Representatives Washington

TIME MISSILE GAP FACTS [FEB. 1] INDICATE MILLIONS OF AMERICAN LIVES MAY WELL REST ON POLITICAL-FINANCIAL DECISIONS, WE SHOULD KEEP OUR GUNS COCKED ON THE UN-PREDICTABLE RUSSIAN BEAR, DOZING OFF MEANS

L. B. COYLE

Now that we have a missile "gap," may

we presume that the nation will resort to stopgap measures? ANTHONY L. PALAZZOLO

Lieutenant Commander, USN Newport News, Va.

Unwise to Lump

I would like to comment briefly on the review of my book, The Future of Public Education [Feb. 1]. The book specifically states (contrary to the interpretation in the review) that it has been unwise to lump all teachers together, regardless of grade level or subject taught, into one vast organization. It is not my reckoning that "U.S. schools will improve only when the teachers take charge." Teachers have the major responsibility for improving education, but saying that education will improve only if teachers "take charge" goes beyond what I meant, if not what I wrote.

Finally, I don't believe that educational policy-without any qualification whatso-ever-can or should be the sole prerogative of the teachers. Educational organizations have been ineffective in developing broad educational policy. They should not be a law unto themselves in this regard. Right now the problem is not whether they can dominate educational policy but whether they can influence it at all on important points.

Having unburdened myself, may I also express my deep appreciation for the re-

view, and the hope that it will help focus

attention on some neglected but important problems of education. Myron Lieberman

Big Joke

My line [Feb. 8] about feeling as Edison would have if they had rejected the electric light was a joke, Son, and not a whimper. Time also erred in stating that NBC I was not the proper moderator for "Meeting of Minds." NBC offered me 30 minutes elsewhere in the week to broadcast the segment. I rejected the offer.

STEVE ALLEN

■ TIME never had such a laugh, Son. -En

Ballot Box

Your cover story on Hubert Humphrey [Feb. 1] proves that, if you want to be, you are capable of being fair-minded even where you long ago, back into the fold.

WILLIAM H. FISHER Las Vegas, N. Mex.

Humphrey is obviously the thinking man's candidate, but unfortunately not the voting IOCK MCFARLANE

Brown University Sir

Certainly Senator Humphrey talks a lot. He has something to talk about. He is the best-informed man in Government today, RAY CHISHOLM

Minneapolis

Your report that Hubert Humphrey's father was converted to the Democratic Party after hearing William Jennings Bryan speak reminded me of another such incident As a local official of the Democratic Party

in Phoenix, Ariz. many years ago, my father had to spend an entire day listening to Bryan's oratory. A few months later he became a Republican, and has remained one ever since.

Washington

IOHN W. WILLES

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stigmatize us as amateurs Universal City, Calif.

The writer in attendance at the Finch murder trial may be Max (I Was a Teen-Age Dwarf) Shulman, Arnold (A Hole in the Head) Schulman, or even possibly Irving (The Amboy Dukes) Shulman.

Hubert Humphrey's fine ability to orate is only overshadowed by his innate ability to ad-lib in embarrassing situations. I am

reminded of a dinner a few years ago where

Humphrey was slated to be the speaker and

was one hour late because of some last-

minute campaigning. I, acting as emcee, introduced the Senator and remarked about his lack of punctuality. Humphrev rose and stated: "I would rather be Hubert Hum-

phrey late than the late Hubert Humphrey!"

We were much interested in the report "Revelation and Education" [Feb. 1], re-lating to the centennial of Wheaton College.

nical sense to refer to those institutions of

ies, and carry the name Bible in their title, such as Columbia Bible College, S.C.

Wheaton has always been a standard lib-

eral-arts college in the fully accepted sense of that word, and is accredited by the stand-

ard agencies. We do believe the Bible to be

the Word of the Living God, and that may constitute us a "Bible" college,

This ex-newspaperman was unhappy to find his svelte 191½ lbs. described as portly and—to add insult to injury—that his years

of covering courts and police beats have now

made him into an amateur, according to

your story on coverage of the Finch murder

us who have deserted you for the movies, and even if the rewards of our full life

make us look portly in your eyes, do not

Please, dear Time, even if you must detest

Minneapolis

Bible Class

Wheaton College

Matter of Choice

Wheaton, Ill.

trial [Feb v1]

BERNARD SINGER

V. R. EDMAN

ROGER PERRY

ALBERT ZUGSMITH

¶ Max doesn't think so.—ED.

Whose Rights?

Your article concerning the case of Dr. Abel Leader and the medical society [Feb. 1] is interesting. Dr. Leader, incidentally, espoused a cause that is by no means demople who have confidence and who depend tionally on their personal physician and who will be told in the future that they cannot have their practicing physician's care in the hospital but must accept a "university oriented," "career-type" doctor. Doesn't it occur to anybody that the patient has cer-

tain rights too? GEORGE VASH, M.D.

Lonaconing, Md.

TIME February 22, 1960

I take issue with your premise that medi-Volume LXXV cal societies' officers may wield power of life



PICTURED LEFT TO RIGHT-TENTH, HALF-GALLON, FIFTH, GALLON, HALF-PINT, MINIATURE, QUART

Portrait of a First Family in Scotch

Ballantines

The more you know about the preference for Ballantine's Scotch, the more you will understand why this superb whisky is offered in such an array—the first Scotch to be available as a family of seven sizes.*

The wishes of our on-the-move friends are met in the compact Ballantine's Miniature, Half-pint and Tenth.

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hospitality hallmark in homes and bars for over a century. More lavish, although designed for the same purpose, is the bountiful Quart.

The noble Half-gallon and Gallon-sized Ballantine's have livened some of the world's great parties and receptions. So choose your favorite measure of this illustrious brand.

The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's.

*In those areas where the sale of such sizes is permitted.



We can understand your enthusiasm, Charlie Brown, but money sin t-everything. Think of how beautiful the Falcon looks . . . how easily it handles . . . how confortably it carries 6 big people. On the other hand, you're right Charlie—it is the lowest pricad. It does go up to 30 m.p.g. on regular gas. It does save like no other car. Gosh, come to think of it. Charlie—were with you all the way!

FORD DIVISION, Ford Motor Company,

EASIEST CAR IN THE WORLD TO OWN



or death over the average patient by deciding whether his personal physician or surgeon can admit patients to the best local hospitals and treat them there.

The medical society wanted to keep staff membership of the Jefferson Davis Hospital open to all practicing physicians. The medical school wanted to staff it mainly with research-minded faculty members. Dr. Leader needled the medical speciety and used strong enceded the medical speciety and used strong suring, him. Who succeeded in excluding the patient's personal physician from treating him in the Jefferson Davis Hospital?

JAMES L. FISHER, M.D.

Youngstown, Ohio

Error in Miltown

Sir:

In "Trouble in Miltown" [Feb. 8], you state that Miltown "sells to druggists for 3,3¢ and retails for about a dime." In reality, Miltown costs the pharmacist \$3,3¢ per bottle of 50 tablets, which is 6,5¢ per tablet. Therefore, at 10¢ a tablet, the price is quite reasonable.

SHELDON DECK Registered Pharmacist

Brooklyn

Catastrophe

TIME'S Jan. 18 issue quoted my reference to the steel strike and its settlement as a "national catastrophe" without amplification. That one phrase alone might lead the reader to believe that the "catastrophe" meant was the economic damage done to the economy.

The real catastrophe was not so much the millions of dollars, worth of damage done to the economy as it was the failure of the the conomy as the same failure of the the catastrophic and the state areas of the steel impasse. Our antiquated labor laws, premised on the principle of monopoly, are in conflict with antitrust laws, premised on the principle of composing power-centers, big-labor on one hand and big business on the other, with the danger of further extension of already excessive federal power to regulate both. In a situation we can no longer afford his is a situation we can no longer afford his is a situation we can no longer afford.

l world affairs, this longer afford. GEORGE ROMNEY President

American Motors Corp. Detroit

Ottowa Kans

Anyone for Lionburgers?

Thanks for another adroit job of reporting in your Feb. a raticle, "Bibb Dinneyland." Do you suppose Messrs. Winecoff, Haley & Co, have considered the profitable possibilities of a Drive-the-Money-Changers-Outof-the-Temple Gallery or the happy prospect of a Mt. Calvary Merry-Go-Round with the bloody Cross as its axis? Or would these features, perhaps, offend someone's "religious sensibilities"?

(THE REV.) R.A. LAUD HUMPHREYS St. Luke's Episcopal Church Bartlesville, Okla.

We have come full circle with the lionburgers to be served at the proposed Bible Storyland. Now we are throwing the lions back to the Christians.

Tom Levy

Sir:
Good Lord above have mercy on us all.
DAVID M. WEIBLE
Stanford University

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SPEEC

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of my automobile accident . . . A beautiful repair job was done on my car.

"This was my first accident in all the many years of driving a car and I sincerely hope it will be the last. "We have been insured by Liberty

Mutual for at least thirty-five years ... Incidentally, the garage, making re-pairs, found additional hidden damage caused by the accident. Our appraiser re-inspected the car, confirmed the findings and the bill was paid by Liberty.

Liberty Mutual always stands ready to give quick help to policyholders. Claims are settled promptly and fairly. Liberty Mutual's expert service is available day and night in every state.

Because we stand by people in trouble, thousands of our current policyholders have come to us on the recommendations of satisfied claimants. Liberty's quality coverage is thrifty, too. Easy payment plans are available. To insure with Liberty, call the office nearest you (there are 146 of them). Even if your present policy hasn't expired, call Liberty and ask them to get in touch with you at the proper time.

Get Liberty's home insurance "package" at initial savings

of about 20%

A single homeowner's package policy from Liberty Mutual combines fire insurance with 16 other coverages (windstorm, theft, explosion, personal liability, etc.). By buying this package policy, you save about 20% of what it would cost you 20% of what it would cost you to buy these coverages sepa-rately. What's more, additional savings of 15% in dividends were paid to Liberty home-owner policyholders last year.



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TIME, FEBRUARY 22, 1960









A letter from the PUBLISHER

James a. Linen



THE card that appears as pages 103 and 104 of this issue is one of the new series on "newsmakers" of the past. Based on Time cover portraits and stories, each of these cards is a reminder of how few years it takes to turn the week's news into history. Twelve newsmaker cards, each featuring a different personality, have been inserted (one to a copy) into the 2,500,000 copies of this week's TIME. This will be repeated twelve times during the year. Your next-door neighbor may have a different card from yours, but you may get it next time. Since the odds against your collecting all twelve in your own copies of Time are 18,614 to 1, it will be fun to know when anyone gets a full set.













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every detail planned to make you

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feel like a potentate. (Ask any potentate who has experienced AIR-INDIA's dependability through Europe, the Middle East and Asia during the past 12 years.) Better still, ask your travel agent-

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TIME

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Question from the Sahara

Tremors echoed in Washington this week from an atomic explosion atop a steel-lattice tower in the faraway Sahara Desert. France became the fourth nation in history to explode a nuclear device (see Foreign News). France would not. for some years to come, achieve a militarily significant nuclear capability without U.S. help, but her determination to be a nuclear power at whatever cost raised, or complicated, some touchy problems for U.S. policy. Foremost among them: When and how-if at all-should the U.S. arm

its NATO allies with nuclear weapons? President Eisenhower brought up the subject at his press conference fortnight ago when he went beyond his staff's advice to advocate a change in the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, which forbids transfer of nuclear weapons to any ally in peacetime. U.S. allies, said he, should be treated "as partners," and not as "junior members of a firm who are to be seen and not heard. So I would think that it would be better for the U.S. to make our law more liberal." The U.S. is not likely to get a change in the law in an election year, will do its best to meet the realities of allies' defense demands (see Defense) by stretching the legal interpretation of custody to mere electronic control over missile firing. But, as the Sahara explosion made clear, this expedient does not measure up to the big fact of the next era of weaponry, when technologically advanced nations can and probably will create their nuclear forces if the U.S. does not show a way to avoid needless duplication of expense and effort.

One suggested answer is to give NATO allies "nuclear sovereignty," i.e., to trust them with full control of atomic weapons. The case for nuclear sovereignty rests largely on the argument that if the U.S.S.R. came to doubt that NATO would respond to an attack upon a single member, the nuclear power of the individual member would provide an independent deterrent-filling in the gap of uncertainty. One obvious danger: the independent armed nuclear ally might fire off a rocket in the heat of passion and involve the world in atomic war.

A strong alternative: rest nuclear sovereignty not in individual nations but in the NATO command. This would satisfy the strong national pressure to get defenses out from under direct control of the U.S. It would enable the NATO com-

mand to assign each nation to the development of particular nuclear weapons that fit each role in the overall NATO defense picture-e.g., France might specialize in tactical airborne nuclear weapons, West Germany in field weapons. And if nuclear disarmament were ever achieved, NATO control would make disarmament that much easier to bring about

The question is as tough a nut as has been put before the U.S. in the history of the anti-Communist alliance. But it is a question that cannot for long be put off, as France's General de Gaulle has made clear with a bang,

DEFENSE

17 Minutes to Red Square

The highly successful Thor intermediaterange ballistic missile is one of the wonders of the U.S. Air Force's crash missile program. Only four years in development and proved in 83 launchings with only four out-and-out failures, Thor (like its Army-made running mate Jupiter) was designed for use by U.S. allies, has a 1,700mile range with thermonuclear warhead. Last week ceremonies at the reactivated air base of Feltwell near England's bleak North Sea coast officially inaugurated three newly completed Thor bases in Brit-

ain (a fourth will be operational by next July), armed with 15 Thors apiece. For the first time the heart of European Russia was within range-17 minutes away -of Thor's lethal sting.

Feltwell, a tidy, red-brick airbase set in the green fens of East Anglia, has rattled to the thunderclap of British bombers and fighter planes in two world wars; in last week's simulated launching, it seemed a strangely silent world to the cluster of veteran R.A.F. officers who stood in a soggy snowfall with 60 U.S., British and Commonwealth correspondents and watched the five-stage countdown. But in just over 20 minutes-so-so timing-three white Thors with the R.A.F.'s red-white-and-

blue bulls-eve stenciled on their sides were

pointed straight up into the grey overcast.

It was an all-British show, with bluesuited R.A.F. teams ticking off the catechism of countdown while a U.S. "authentication officer" stood self-consciously by, A cadre of 67 U.S. Air Force officers and airmen and 50-odd Douglas Aircraft technicians are all that remain of the original task force of 1.400 Yanks who first went to Feltwell. Since the Anglo-American agreement of February 1958, some 1,600 hand-picked R.A.F. officers and enlisted men have been trained in the U.S. and at British bases. They have launched eleven Thors into space from California's Van-



U.S.-BUILT THOR IN POSITION IN BRITAIN Simply a matter of faith on both sides.

denberg Air Force Base (nine launchings were successful).

Technically, the U.S. retains full custody over the nuclear warheads for Thor in Britain (the U.S. pays for missiles and warheads. Britain pays for sites and crews), and final permission to fire must be flashed over a special red telephone with a direct line to Strategic Air Command headquarters in Omaha, There is little doubt, though, that the British-based Thors already have their nuclear warheads screwed on firmly, since the R.A.F. made it quite clear that some are "operational" -capable of being launched at any time within 15 minutes. Another bit of window dressing, designed to allay the parochial fears of politicians in both nations; American and British "authentication officers" at each base are equipped with special keys. which must be inserted separately in the central control board, to complete the electrical system and permit the countdown. Says one British official: "When you get right down to it, the whole thing is simply a matter of faith on both sides.

Neither Lapped nor Gapped High in the sky and deep under the sea, the U.S. proved again last week that it is

far from being lapped or gapped in the military race. Items:

Hoping to prove to Congress and the budgetmakers that it is possible to devise a defense against missiles, the Army disclosed that one of its operational Hawk antiaircraft missiles knocked down a supersonic Honest John over White Sands, N. Mex. last month. In the first known kill of a ballistic missile, the two birds collided 13 miles up at a combined speed of 2,000 m.p.h. Though a far cry from the Army's goal of perfecting a nucleartipped Nike-Zeus missile system capable of intercepting 16,000 m.p.h. ICBMs at 100-mile altitudes, the Hawk tests dispelled doubt that "a bullet could hit a bullet," gave new ammunition to the Army in its campaign to pry loose \$137 million in Nike-Zeus funding now being withheld by the Budget Bureau.

I Proving that the U.S.S.R. has many a missile woe of its own. U.S. intelligence reported that the Soviets failed in two attempts to launch key missiles during their recent test series (in which they also successfully lobbed a pair of ICBMs onto a bull's-eve in the mid-Pacific). U.S. monitors in the Middle East picked up the countdowns between Jan. 15 and Feb. 1. but could not tell whether the two birds blew up or the tests failed for other causes, I Proving that U.S. submarines can sail at any time of year to the top of the world, within easy Polaris range of Russia. the nuclear sub Sargo slipped hundreds of miles under the fierce Arctic ice pack to the North Pole. The fourth U.S. submarine voyage to the Pole, it was the first made in the dead of winter. Sargo chose the tougher western route (more than 4,200 nautical miles from Hawaii through the Bering Strait to the Pole), bucked the worst ice of the year (average thickness: 6 ft.), sailed under the pack for almost 15 days, surfaced seven times. At the Pole, where the sub poked up its conning tower, several crewmen scrambled out and proudly planted the red-white-and-bluestriped state flag of balmy Hawaii.

Silently tumbling in a near-Polar orbit last week was a mysterious object described as a spook satellite. Spotted by Navy radio space scanners, it is 19 ft. by 5 ft., and ranges in its orbit from an apogee of 1,074 miles to a perigee of 134 miles. The Soviets declared it was not one of theirs, U.S. spacemen said it was not one of theirs. Was it an enemy's "seeingeve" space station (as retired Army Lieut. General James Gavin darkly suggested), or a curious visitor from outer space? No one knew for sure. Best guess: it was a harmless piece of space "garbage"-perhaps a spent final stage from some past satellite -and it will stay up there to tantalize scientists for several months more,



Wadsworth at Geneva Foundering for floaters.

THE ATOM The Formula As Before

For the 170th time in 15 months, U.S. Ambassador James J. Wadsworth retraced his worn route into a Geneva conference room last week to make one more patient try at an effective East-West ban on the testing of nuclear weapons. With him, Wadsworth brought a brand-new U.S. approach to the problem and, as always, hope.

Well aware that France was about to explode an atomic bomb, the U.S. proposed a treaty that it believed could lead to quickest practical agreement and serve control. Specifically, the U.S. proposed to end "forthwith under assured controls" 1) all nuclear weapons tests in the earths' 3) all nuclear tests in those regions at the occasing an authority of the control of the control by possible; and 4) all controllables nuclear weapons tests beneath the surface of the earth. To get around disagreements on how to measure underground blasts, the U.S. proposed to check all those above a 4.75 rating* on the standard seismographiic "earthquake scale." The U.S. also proposed a program of joint research to improve the detection of small bombs underground, and eventually bring all tests under strict international control

"Unocceptable, of Course." Admittedly, the plan left some areas open, But it went as far as present techniques copen, But it went as far as present techniques copen go, and it would do all that any agreefance fear of rising radioactivity from the fallout of surface blasts. Yet for all the good it did, the U.S. might have saved its breath. The Soviet Union's immediate resolutions a flat rejected. Crief Soviet stations are some some some some some some princy. It is unacceptable of course."

Moscow's reaction should have surprised no one, Month after month Western diplomats have floated into Geneva on floods of hope only to be dashed against inflexible Soviet demands. President Eisenhower's cardinal rule is that a ban on tests is no ban at all unless it is policed by an inspection system. Yet the Russians are unwilling to give the necessary guarantees, insist on a simple, all-or-nothing moratorium without adequate enforcement. The boss of the control post in Russia must be a Russian; the commission may investigate only a small number of suspicious seismographic disturbances in any one year.

The Lead & the Need. In Washington last week there was growing concern that the Geneva talks would drag on and on to no conclusion. During the past 15 months. the U.S. has halted all nuclear tests. Yet the Communists may well be secretly testing, while the U.S. sits patiently at the conference table. The U.S. still has a probable lead in nuclear weapons technology, but the nation's nuclear arsenal can stand plenty of improvement, particularly in the area of cleaner bombs and small tactical weapons. Important programs are needed in the field of miniaturization to develop warheads for the Nike-Zeus anti-missile, for the Navy's Polaris and the Air Force's Minuteman ICBMsall of which means nuclear testing.

Though the temporary moratorium on nuclear tests ended Dec. 31, President Eisenhower has made no decision on whether to resume the shots. The temptation is to wait for the summit meetings in May, just as the U.S. waited hopefully for Khrushchev's assurances on nuclear testing at Camp David last summer. But against a backdrop of 15 months of frustration, the great hopes of Geneva are fading fast. The danger is that the real Soviet objective at Geneva is to halt U.S. weapons progress, while giving nothing in return, thus in effect disarming the U.S. by talk. And that, as Ike has insisted so many times, is precisely what the U.S. must guard against.

Equal, by U.S. measurement, to a 20-kiloton, or Hiroshima, bomb.

THE PRESIDENCY

Crossfire

In the midst of the defense battle, Dwight Eisenhower last week stood under some of the sharpest crossfire of personal attack since he stepped into the presidency. Congressional investigators prodded generals and admirals into admitting that they wanted more money than Ike's \$41 billion military budget allows. Democrats accused the President of gambling with the nation's security; Missouri's Senator Stuart Symington, a presidential hopeful, even threatened to publish topsecret U.S. intelligence estimates if the Administration denies that Soviet might has "increased considerably." (Grumped Ike to his staff: "We may have to take another look at what we give these people.") Columnist Joseph Alsop called the Eisenhower determination to preserve fiscal responsibility in Government an "obsession" and a "mania," Pundit Walter Lippmann, himself past 70, likened Ike to "a tired old man who has lost touch with the springs of our national vitality.

Imperturbably at midweek the President flew to Florida for a tour of the Cape Canaveral missile-test center. For 34 hours he was led through a forest of gantries for the liquid-fueled Atlas and Titan, the solid-fueled Polaris and Pershing, He praised the base's "minimum of extravagance and maximum of efficiency," said. "I came back with a much better feeling than I had before I went down there."

Next day, at his 180th press conference Eisenhower, his blue eyes snapping, fired back at the snipers. In his answers his foes could find many of the things for which they jeer Ike: sprawling syntaxes and turbulent tenses, and a tendency to state his decisions as gospel without citing the reasons behind them. But his friends could also easily detect Eisenhower's sense of purpose and unflagging concern for the nation's well-being. Items

On His Decisions: "I have been in the military service a long time. I am obviously running for nothing. I want only my country to be strong, to be safe. and to have a feeling of confidence among its people so they can go about their business. In the decisions that I have to make, I have heard all the arguments, pro and con, and I have done the best I can, and I am doing it with one idea in mind only-America.

On His Critics: "I am trying to keep my statements outside the partisan field. I think we should be big enough not to seek headlines. I think we should be big enough to put our heads together and see if we can get a real solution.

On His Budget Policy: "Now if any-one, by any kind of hysterical argument . . . can prove that you can continue to go deeper and deeper and deeper into debt without finally paying a very great cost in the nation's security, I'd like to see how they prove their case. Now that does not mean that any budget I've ever put up has been put together on the basis of just achieving a balanced budget. I have tried to calculate and form judg-

ments about the needs of the United States, and I try to put need above pressure-group inducement, before local argument, I don't believe in putting luxury and extravagance ahead of need. But having satisfied the need. I believe we should go ahead with such policies and programs that the U.S. believes will be helpful, and at the same time get this fiscal business into such control that we can have prosperity in the future

On His Role: "I hope that I am helping to establish a pattern for solving these problems in the manner of reasonable men, never giving away to the so-called ultra-liberal that has no other purpose than to give your money away for some pet theory of his own and, on the other



EISENHOWER AT CANAVERAL Snap for snipers.

hand, to repudiate reaction like you would the Devil and his works."

In the echo of the President's words. congressional Democrats were cranking up a new drive to boost the 1061 defense budget from \$41 billion to \$42 or even \$44 billion. To do that with impunity, they would first have to be sure of a mandate from the people. They do not seem to have it. To many Americans, now enjoying the liberal dividends of a halftrillion-dollar economy, the vagaries of the defense debate seem remote and the danger of a Soviet attack even more remote. Last week the Wall Street Journal buttonholed 300 people across the land, reported that most trusted the military judgment of Dwight Eisenhower, mistrusted his generals as incurable pleaders for more for their own services. Wellunderstood by most of the tax-pressed 300: Ike's plain-spoken doctrine of oldfashioned fiscal responsibility.

AGRICULTURE

Solutions, Anyone?

A White House limousine sped up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol one day fortnight ago, carrying two presidential aides to a secret meeting in the office of North Dakota's Republican Senator Milton R. Young. Gathered for the meeting were G.O.P. wheat-state Senators. all of them unhappy about the farm message that President Eisenhower was scheduled to send to Congress that very day. The Senators had found in the advance text a lingering echo of Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson's crusading spirit, and they felt that, considering Benson's unpopularity in the farm belt, a gentler tone was indicated in an election year.

When the President finally sent his farm message to Congress last week, five days behind the original schedule, its mild tone buttressed rumors that the text had been drastically rewritten at the request of G.O.P. members of Congress, backed up by Vice President Nixon, At the President's press conference, a newsman asked about "the Vice President's role in reshaping the farm message." Replied Ike: "Well, this is the first time I have heard

about him reshaping it.'

\$1,000 a Minute. The farm message had not been reshaped, but it had been restyled to make it softer. The President made only two specific recommendations: 1) expansion of the long-term soil bank "conservation reserve" to 60 million acres from the present 28 million, and 2) a new wheat program that would combine repeal of all wheat production controls with a lower support price, based on market prices rather than on the outdated "parity" formula. A new wheat program was "imperatively needed," said Ike-the present program is costing the Federal Government \$1.000 a minute, \$1.5 million a day.

But the President did not insist on his own wheat program. He would, he said, approve any constructive solution that the Congress wishes to develop," whether leading to "greater freedom or more regimentation," and whether based on market prices or parity-a wide departure from Secretary Benson's old down-with-controls,

parity-must-go war cries. \$6 Billion in 7 Years. With its unwarlike invitation to come forward with "any constructive solution." Ike's message—the last farm message of his presidency-had a mood of resignation about it. Behind it lay a disappointing record. Ezra Benson took over as Agriculture Secretary in 1953 with high hopes of cutting back surpluses and trimming the costs of farm programs, but the total of federal funds tied up in stored farm surpluses swelled from \$3 billion in 1953 to \$9 billion today, and Agriculture Department expenditures soared from \$2.9 billion in 1953 to \$6.5 billion in 1959 (1960 estimate: \$5.7 billion). With that record on the books, it was small wonder that the President heeded the advice of farm-state Republicans: get rid of the hot potato by tossing it to the Democratic Congress.



CONTROLLER CHECKS TRAFFIC ON IDLEWILD'S GROUND RADAR

AVIATION

The Bird Watcher (See Cover)

To fly without feathers is not easy. -Plautus (254?-184 B.C.)

In his exalted soaring into the unforgiving air, man in his bird has reaped all the riches he ever dreamed of-the poetry of flight itself and the victory over time and space. But in the swift tumble of progress called the Air Age, he has wrought more hard truth than poetry. The truth: the skies over the U.S .- busiest of all airborne nations-are roaring with an astonishing complex of featherless birds. Not counting 22,000 military aircraft, there are operating in the U.S. no fewer than 72,000 planes, ranging from lightweight, single-engined private craft to 295,000-lb., jet-driven, kerosene-guzzling monsters. A dozen planes take off and land every minute at the 567 U.S. airports that the airlines serve; and these airlines alone carry 152,300 passengers more than 2,200,000 miles a day

The air they inhabit is a bulging bundle of nerves, a webwork of highways that crisscross for 220,000 miles in all directions, including ever-higher altitudes. Moreover, the dawn of the commercial jet age-with 94 jet transports already in U.S. airline service, and about 150 more due by year's end-with its near sonic speeds and bigger loads, has compounded all of the vast problems of the Air Age with unparalleled force.

Clear Space. The enormous cocoon of safety with which the U.S. has wrapped the Air Age is as complex as the problems of flight itself. Hunched over greenglowing radarscopes in 35 stations across the nation stand ARTC (Air Route Traffic Control) men, who follow and guide airplanes flying through heavy weather or at sky-streaking altitudes on Instrument Flight Rules. Moving their transparent markers ("shrimp boats") alongside little blips, they warn of nearby traffic, give directions, order changes in headings and altitudes. If a plane is a 550-m.p.h. jet, the controller gives the pilot 100 miles' clear space ahead, 100 behind; propdriven planes get 35 miles. Through controllers and towers, miles of Teletype wire and a host of electronic machines, schedules are juggled, flights shifted, with splitsecond decision and never-ending attention to detail.

In the cockpits are more of the wrappings of the cocoon: rigorously trained pilots with computers for brains and steel for nerves, whose proficiency is checked by the clock and whose mistakes-even minor ones-are costly. The planes they fly are machines of infinite precision, built and maintained and double-checked constantly to assure mastery of the laws of physics

Power. The only measure of success in the air, for people and for airborne industry, is the quality of that wondrously complicated envelope of safety, and the first responsibility for that safety rests in the hands of an organization that,

for power and procedure, has no parallel in the U.S. It is the Federal Aviation Agency, and the man who rules it is a temperamental, mail-fisted, blunt-talking ex-fighter pilot named Elwood Ricardo Gonzalo Quesada.

"Pete" Quesada's 34,000-man FAA makes and enforces the rules and sets the safety standards for everything dealing with civil air in the nation (and at 414 U.S.-controlled stations abroad). Its authority reaches from design and construction of aircraft and components-down to the seats, lap belts and ashtrays-to ground maintenance, straight through to pilot and crew competency, aircraft operation, and the whole interlocking circuitry of air-traffic control.

Fellow with a Fuse. No other federal agency chief wields as much power as Quesada (or causes as much furor). Every morning he barges out of his rented town house on California Street in northwest Washington carrying the last night's bundle of homework, hops into the rear seat of a chauffeured, telephone-equipped Government Lincoln and heads down the avenue. In his cherry-plywood-paneled office, he pulls off his jacket and goes to work standing up. Pacing the floor, he rattles his points over the phone (President Eisenhower is "Sir," everybody else "Fel-low"), dictates a blistering letter, or officiates at a staff meeting.

When he lunches at his desk, his wife, Kate Davis Pulitzer Putnam (widow of a World War II flyer, sister of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch's Editor-Publisher Joseph Pulitzer Ir.), sends his food over by messenger. His easy smile, his compact, 183lb. frame and close-cropped, curly hair help him when he wants to be charmingand his short-fused temper is almost legendary, "Pete wants to hear a clear and specific answer, or 'Yes,' 'No,' or 'Maybe,' " says one staffer. "God help anybody who starts to answer Ouesada with a speech in explanation for having goofed off. His bawlings-out are fierce, He's no brilliant guy, but what he does have is a

TRANSPORTS LOAD IN BAD WEATHER



helluva sense of duty and principle in public service."

"Fidel" with a Philosophy. In the 14 months since he took over the newly created FAA. Pete Ouesada's impassioned. inflexible sense of duty has turned the Air Age inside out. With a fighter pilot's life-and-death instinct, he cut through political niceties, stepped on time-honored short cuts, and enforced a tight discipline with a determined singlemindedness that inevitably raised howls everywhere, except from the public. Airline pilots, who over the years became powerful in both the industry and in Washington and grew a little complacent in the process, yelled "Gestapo!" and called Quesada "Fidel" when he cracked down. The airlines' bosses themselves have been stomped on for infractions of rules. Only trouble, says United Air Lines President W. A. Patterson, comes from FAA men, who have a "certain lack of diplomacy." But, adds Patterson, "I have always found General Ouesada ready to correct any complaints brought to him." Most airline chiefs agree with Trans World Airlines' Charles Thomas, sometime (1954-57) Secretary of the Navy: "Ouesada is terrific.

The plain fact is that only a man like Pete Quesda, with a well-trained respect for the uncompromising qualities of an airplane, can do the job that needs doing and make it stick. "The whole philosophy of Government regulation," says he, "is to protect the public's interest. But history finds that the public is silent; the public sits there and just hopes that the agency that it set up will take care of agency that it set up will take care of what all Government regulatory agencies are to doe nursue the public's interest."

are to do: pursue the punite's interest.

Nomads & Choos. In the care of U.S. bureaucracy, that concern went abegging for years. The old Civil Aeronautics Administration, created in 1940, turned out to be about as effective as a dime-store lock. A multitude of civil air regulations were written—and they were good enough

AT CHICAGO'S MIDWAY AIRPORT





QUESADA IN KC-135 COCKPIT

II S. Air Force

to set the standards for world aviation—but the problems of aviation grew faster than they could be solved. Of the nine CAdministrators who paraded like no-mads (average tenure: 24 months) through the agency, not one could muster either enough Administration backing or personal force and conviction to bridge personal force and conviction to bridge leaping Air Age and the hoary bureaucracy of the Commerce Department.

By the mid-5os, the Air Age was near chaos. Military jets whisked through civil air lanes like shuttles on a loom. Neither civil nor military pilots had much of an idea who was going where, for CAA and military traffic-control operations were two entities, without coordination or communications.

As the door began opening on the commercial jet epoch, White House concern mounted. President Eisenhower frankly wondered whether the U.S. was indeed ready for jet transport. "Somebody," he said in the spring of 1955, "has got to take a look." There followed a ninemonth committee survey, which reported appalling conditions. A few months later, Ike called in Major General Edward Curtis, Army airman in World Wars I and II (Chief of Staff, Strategic Air Force, Europe), and then (as now) a vice president of Eastman Kodak Co., told him to get going on an analysis of the problems and to bring back the answers. By May 1957, "Ted" Curtis' report was in, Recommendation: absorption of the old CAA into a new, independent Federal Aviation Agency, with combined military and civil traffic control in the hands of one civilian

Bear Traps & Wing Flaps, While the report made the casual rounds of 70-0d Capitol committees and agencies, it was Oklahoma's Democratic Senator A. S. (for Almer Stillwell) "Mike" Monroney, among all his colleagues, who most clearly sensed the challenge and grabbed it. As chairman of the Senate Aviation Subcommittee, Mike Monroney ran the report through his committee and got legislation moving. With single-minded disregard for rapper of the report of the rapper of the rapper of the rapper legislation and the congressional jungle with expert lead-ership. One member of his safari: Pete Quesada, whose good World War II friend and commander. Dwight D. Eisenhower, had just named him Special Assistant for Aviation.

Even as Monroney and Quesada labored with airlines' experts, scientists and other technicians, the wings of tragedy were flapping noisily around them: an Air Force F-100F collided over Nevada with a United Air Lines DC-7 in April 1958, killing 49; next month an Air National Guard T-33 jet trainer rammed into a Capital Airlines Viscount over Maryland, killing twelve. With renewed urgency. Monroney and his staff analyzed the obsolescent aviation laws, scrapped them all and began over again. By the end of the 1958 congressional session, the new FAA act was written into law and signed by the President. After aseries of talks with the President, Pete Quesada, already retired from the Air Force as a lieutenant general, resigned his Air Force commission. cut clean away from the military, and opened the FAA for business on Jan. 1, 1959. "It was the hardest thing I ever did, resigning from the Air Force," says Quesada, "but the law [requiring a civilian head was clear as hell." The law, by implication, also called for a strong, experienced administrator, and Quesada's whole life and personality fit the law like a madeto-order lock nut

The Boot Will Rock. The son of a Spanish father and a mother of Irish extraction, Pete Quesada was born in Washington, D.C. 55 years ago. His father's family have long been private bankers in Madrid, and Pete's father himself was an expert on currency engraving for the U.S. Treas-

ury Department. Despite the family's connections in high finance, young Quesada had no dreams of becoming a dollar scion. He filted from school to school—Wyoning filted from school to school—Wyoning the University—played topflight tennis and some football, and did little else. He sold Crackerjack at Griffith Stadium, spent many's asummer as a lifeguard in the Monument.

One day in 1924, as he drifted in his lifeguard's rowboat, a playful swimmer reached up and began rocking the boat. Quesada's response was strikingly similar to his techniques even today: he raised an oar and whatched the swimmer on the hands. The victim was an Air Service pilot. The two made riends quickly, and pilot. The two made riends quickly, and for an airplane ride. That did it; the day after his first ride. Pete Quesada joined the Air Service, went off to training as a flying caddet. He became a first-class pilot.

Doys of Adventure. Second Lieut, Quesada was a flying fool. After the hot-pilot fashion of the day, he barreled under most of the bridges between Washington and New York. He never missed a chance at extra flying duty, and he quickly amassed a reputation for being brash, undiplomatic and vain (there are many oldtime comrades who have found no reason to chance

that judgment).

Those were the days when aviators were known by the adventures they logged, When the German plane Bremen crashlanded off Labrador after its historic eastwest Atlantic crossing in 1928, Quesada and a young captain named Ira Eaker flew north to help save the crew. At one point during that mission, Quesada got lost flying above the clouds. He began thinking "how marvelous it would be if there were some way to do airborne refueling on a continuous basis." Ouesada later got Eaker to push his idea with high Air Corps brass. The result was the famous Question Mark flight of 1929, in which Ouesada and future bannerline Air Force Generals Carl ("Tooey") Spaatz and Ira Eaker participated, Refueled by a second plane, Question Mark, an Army Fokker monoplane, stayed aloft for a recordbreaking 6½ days, and it made avia-tion history: in-flight refueling has long been an essential technique of the U.S. Air Force.

How to Start an Engine. As captain, Quesada had been on assignment as adviser to the Argentine Air Force for close to three years when he was ordered back to the States in late 1940. On his own, he took off in an old Grumman amphibian that the U.S. Navy wanted returned to the country. Laden with five 5-gal, gas cans, a pair of pliers, a tire casing and some safety wire, Quesada chugged along having himself a fine time. He fished in the lake region of Argentina, threaded through the Andes ("with the Christ of the Andes above my head"). One day he set the plane down in the ocean about 50 miles off the coast of Ecuador ("I got very thirsty"). But when he tried to handcrank his engine for a takeoff, the inertial starter clutch failed. "There I was," he says, "drifting to Honolulu. I cranked myself to exhaustion." After long minutes of finger drumming, Quesada suddenly recalled an old aviator's superstition. He went back and urinated on the tail. Naturally, the engine started up with the next turn of the crank.

Notwithstanding his brash independence, Quesada ably fulfilled his jobs in the demanding years that followed. He was commanding general, Twelfth Fighter Command in Africa, deputy commander Northwest African Coastal Air Force, and before D-day took over the Ninth Fighter Command. On D-day plus one, Quesada landed his own P-35 fighter plane on the Nor-



OKLAHOMA'S SENATOR MONRONEY
With tragedy flapping noisily around.

mandy beach ("My first step was not on European soil—it was on a dead German"). Right Flonk Morch. A month later, he

put Supreme Allied Commander Dwight Eisenhower piggyback in the cockpit of a P-51 and took him on a 90-minute ride along the beachhead ("Eisenhower was very pleased, but we both caught hell from the Joint Chiefs of Staff"), During the great armored-tank drive across Europe, Ouesada's Ninth Tactical Air Command. rather than troops, became Lieut. General George Patton's "right flank": he had put a fighter pilot in each of Patton's lead tanks "so that we would have quick communications with fighter pilots, I wanted somebody in those tanks who could talk fighter pilot lingo. Ouesada chalked up 90 combat missions

before war's end, went home with the Distinguished Service Medal. Air Medal with two Silver Oak Leaf Clusters, Distinguished Flying Cross, etc., and a drawerful of assorted foreign decorations. He also went home with his facility for the flippant still intact. Once he landed his B-26 onto an icy airstrip at Long Island's Mitchel Field, skidded the length of the runway, up an embankment, across a busy highway, through a steel fence, stopped at last on the polo field of the Meadowbrook Club, got out and asked: "Where are the

nonese served for close to three years as commander of the Tactical Air Command, and in 1049-51 was top military commander of the crucial Operation Greenhouse, in which the U.S. exploded the first hydrogen homb at Enliweck. In 1951, tired. He worked for a while at California's Lockhed Aircraft Corp. (vice president of the missile-systems division), but up to the called him to Washington, Quesada was pasce-age inventors. In meetinest with

Reguloting the Regulotions. His monsense attitude about the job was loud-by evident from the start of Quesadi's service with FAA. Right off, he told a black-lie dinner at the National Aviation Alva and the service with FaA. Right off, he had a heart of the largers. "There is a lot to learn in Washington about cannibals," he informed a hig audience packed with Congressmen. Senators and blue-thboar aviation-industry execution of the service of the servic

Pete Quesada moved too fast to get caught. The biggest barrier to positive federal control of aviation, he found, was bureaucratic intertia, in which "the regulator was regulating to meet the needs of the public." He solved that the needs of the public." He solved that with a personnel shakedown and then began his massive attack. In quick time, Ouesada:

¶ Arranged for a coordinated militarycivilian air-traffic-control setup with the help of military's \$2 billion radar network, within a few months established complete ground radar control on all major high-altitude routes in the U.S.

¶ Got an agreement from Air Force Vice Chief of Staff Curt LeMay that permits FAA civilian flight inspectors to take the Strategic Air Force's big-plane fet training at Castle AFB in California. Result: 14 have become qualified, a done more are checked out in the Air Force's KC-15, military version of the 70; 10 husiness flights, however, he usually pilots one of FAA's T-3,3 fstor borrows a fighter from

the Air Force or the Navy.)

¶ Wangled thousands of miles of "restricted" airspace from the military to provide more room for commercial traffic. ¶ Set up a reorganized National Aviation Facilities Experimental Center (NAFEC) in Atlantic City, N.J., where FAA scien-

tists develop and test new control and safety systems. ¶ Appropriated, after a bitter dispute which President Eisenhower himself settled in Quesada's favor—five radio frequencies from the Air Force and industry.

* Who was brushing her teeth with Gleem when she was surprised, as it were, from behind. for use in new navigational systems now

being designed at NAFEC

Going Like 60. With all this welcome overhaul for the safety cocoon, the airlines and pilots still find plenty to squawk about, Pilots charge that FAA inspectors are harassing them. Indeed, the inspectors, backed heartily by Ouesada, seem to materialize in cockpits like eager gremlins, ready to slap a fine on a pilot for the slightest infraction of the rule book. With each infraction, Quesada gets tougher. After a Pan American Boeing 707 started into a near fatal dive while its pilot was back chinning with the passengers. Quesada enforced a long-disregarded regulation requiring all pilots to stay in their cockpits except for good and sufficient reason.

Quesada has also been hotly accused of being unnecessarily arbitrary and of failing to consult with the industry before he gavels out his dicta. Recently, he ordered airlines to install weather radar in all planes, had to back down and make an exception of obsolescent planes when some lines raised a ruckus. The Air Line Pilots Association, the exclusive A.F.L.-C.I.O. union (membership: 14,000) led by Militant Pilot Clarence Sayen, is Quesada's most vociferous critic, A.L.P.A.'s latest complaint: Quesada's new ruling requiring mandatory retirement of all transport pilots at 60. The union is bringing court action against Quesada for that.

Command Decision, Another recent incident that blew up a storm occurred last month, when a National Airlines pilot was rolling his 707 down a Miami runway. Suddenly one engine flamed out. Though the plane was within three or four knots of critical takeoff speed and thus technically should have aborted, it looked to the pilot as if such action would almost certainly lead to a crackup. Making his decision in an instant, the National pilot kept going, lifted the plane off the ground, circled around and landed safely. Still, an accompanying FAA flight inspector filed a complaint against the pilot for rule-book infringement. Though A.L.P.A. Boss Sayen hammered away at FAA's rigid judgment, Quesada had the last word: investigation showed that the pilot had failed to safety-catch a fuel-flow lever; it had slipped out of position to cut off the fuel to one engine on takeoff. The FAA rules on fuel-flow levers were tightened.

In spite of the noisy complaints by un ion brass, airline pilots, splendidly skilled and incessantly trained in their trade, realize and accept the necessity for top safety standards and sharp enforcement. While they are helpless to prevent demented passengers from lugging explosives aboard their planes, they remember too well the score of near misses in the air and the ballooning number of fatal crashes. The airlines carried 380 million passengers in the past ten years, and killed only 1,300. But the U.S. death toll alone since January 1958 is an alarming 378.

Chickens & Golf Balls. In the face of all the hazards, FAA, overall, is doing a first-rate job. Mechanically, the job is overwhelming. FAA alone has 41 volumes on rules and procedures, and airline-maintenance libraries run along yards of shelf space: there are even manuals on how to read other manuals. Research experts, for example, test windshields by shooting 4-lb. dead chickens at the cockpit (birds in flight are a big and dangerous nuisance), check jet engines for durability by lobbing golf balls into the intakes.

For the modern pilot, the stresses are just as great. He must absorb hundreds of rules and procedures, study graphs, maps and reports, even occasionally take off his iet on downwind runways because airport operators prefer him to fly over open areas and avoid householders' complaints about noise. A pilot has to be able to make as many as 100 visual "fixes" per minute on Ouesada's growing string of Air Route Traffic Control Centers, pilots have an additional safety premium

Somebody Up There. As good as this seeing-eye system is, Pete Quesada and FAA researchers are out to make it better. Already in the works is an automated. electronic-brain system into which all I.F.R. flight plans will be fed. Geared through a memory phase, a flight plan filed in New York would instantly turn up all other flight plans around the nation that contain conflicting data in time and place. NAFEC in Atlantic City is also working on better runway lighting and approach systems (pilots claim that the dark-blue taxiway lights depress them), a weatherreporting scheme measured on the runways



OUESADA & FAMILY (FROM LEFT: PETER, HOPE, Mrs. OUESADA, THOMAS & KATE) With a fighter pilot's instinct and a civilian's public responsibility.

his instrument panel during his busiest moments-the landing approach. He must take extra precautions to keep his health during a long flight; pilots and copilots take their meals at alternate times; American Airlines forbids crews to eat seafood

because of its perishability.

By the Numbers. For the jet pilot, moreover, the art of flying has become a science: he flies not by feel but by his instruments and the standard procedure. Looking into cloudless skies at high altitudes, his eyes focus only 31 ft. away; he cannot tell whether his engines are running or whether his wingtips are flat with the horizon-unless he looks at the huge instrument panel. The jet transport is flown, says one 707 pilot, "by the numbers -the instrument numbers." The captain needs two additional qualified pilots in the cockpit to help him, and the air crew's computations in a vast assortment of critical areas must be as unfailing as a heartbeat.

Fortunately, all U.S. airlines have a mutual agreement to keep their planes on Instrument Flight Rules. And since all I.F.R. flights are automatically controlled by Pete (a must for critically loaded jets), better communications systems.

Explains one FAA official: "We do not want to control all flying. We want the capability of complete surveillance so we can see everything in the skies and spot potential traffic dangers," Although there is a prospect that the actual number of big planes will diminish in years ahead military aviation will be reduced by missiles, the commercial fleet perhaps by bigger, faster, quick-turn-around jets-the problems of air traffic and safety will become even more complex. The number of private planes-70,000 in the U.S. alone is increasing steadily, and once FAA has the higher altitudes under complete control, it will have to do something about those closer to the ground.

As for today, the great achievements of FAA's boss are proof enough that matters are well managed, after years of slow deterioration in the government-civilian flying agencies. Glancing skyward at the featherless creatures that fleck the clouds, the U.S. public senses a new confidence; somebody, flying around up there, likes them. His name is Pete Ouesada,

THE SOUTH

Complicated Hospitality

The egalitarian revolution in the South sometimes moves like a spring flood, seeping over and around the barriers, running ahead of the sluggish channels dredged by the law. One afternoon last fortnight, such a spring freshet bubbled up in the textile city of Greensboro, N.C. (pop. 125,000) when four young college students-freshmen from the Negro Agricultural and Technical College-walked into the F.W. Woolworth store on South Elm Street and quietly sat down at the lunch counter. The white patrons eyed them warily, and the white waitresses ignored their studiously polite requests for service. The students continued to sit until closing time. Next morning they reappeared, reinforced by 25 fellow students. By last week their unique sitdown had spread through 14 cities in five Southern states in a far-ranging attack on the Iim Crow custom that Negroes may be served while standing at downtown lunch counters but may not be served if they sit down.

Unscrewed Seats, In Northern executive suites, the directors of chain stores wrung their hands in anguish, decided to do nothing. (Negroes account for at least ons-fourth of all business transacted in the 300 Southern branches of Woolworth's alone.) Local managers solved the problems in different ways: in Charlotte, the proprietor of the local McLellan Store unscrewed the seats from the lunch counter. Some Kress, Walgreen and Liggett stores roped off the seats so that everybody had to stand, or closed the lunch

counters altogether.

Inevitably, the sitdowns washed up some familiar flotsam: the duck-tailed, sideburned swaggerers, the rednecked hatemongers, the Ku Klux Klan, Stores in Durham, Greensboro and Rock Hill. S.C. were closed after getting anonymous telephoned bomb threats. Just as inevitably, the national pressure groups arrived on the scene and helped organize the sitdowns in other Southern cities. Five days after the Greensboro sitdown began, a representative of the Congress of Racial Equality turned up in Greensboro and Durham, announced that CORE was taking over, and advised the sitters to concentrate on just one chain-Woolworth's, But the student leaders protested that the spontaneous demonstrations were "entirely local," denied any connection with national groups

Orderly Solution. With the arrest of 43 young Negroes for trespassing on a privately owned sidewalk in front of a Raleigh five-and-dime, the short-order demonstrations seemed headed toward an orderly solution in the courts. But the resolute young Negroes were prepared to sit it out until a solution was reachedand there was only one reasonable solution. Said the Raleigh News and Observer: "In effect, he [the Negro] was cordially invited to the house but definitely not to the table. And to say the least, this was complicated hospitality. You can't have your chocolate cake and eat it, too,

LABOR

Color Bar

Into the red and green conference room of Greater Miami Beach's Americana Ho-Meany for the annual midwinter huddle of his A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council last week-and he forthwith boomed out a judgment that may haunt him for months. What, asked a reporter, did Meany think about the likelihood that Harlem Democrat Adam Clayton Powell Ir, will become chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee next year?

"Terrible," said forthright George Meany, "He has a bad voting and absentee record. He uses his position to stir



HARLEM'S POWELL "... a man like that as chairman."

up racial hatred. It's terrible to think that we will have a man like that as chairman ' Many unionists share Meany's opinions

of Powell, pastor of Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church, husband of Entertainer Hazel Scott and congressional eighttermer.* They also fear that Powell, by using his old technique of tacking hopeless civil rights riders on to favorable labor bills, will effectively block the bills. Despite this sound suspicion, Meany's public blast against Powell backfired, brought to the surface some old interunion disputes that threaten to split the A.F.L.-C.I.O. In particular, it rekindled a smoldering feud between Meany and able. aging (70) Asa Philip Randolph, head of the Sleeping Car Porters union and conspicuously the only Negro in the A.F.L .-C.I.O. high command, Honest A. Philip Randolph is no steady supporter of crafty Congressman Powell, but he felt obliged to defend Powell and rebuke Meany.

* Powell's trial on two-year-old charges of evading federal income taxes will finally come to court in Manhattan on March 7.

Though both oppose segregation, Meany and Randolph have been scrapping over the issue for months. Moderate Meany has steadily but quietly pressured unions to drop their color bars; in his 20 years of leadership the number of all white A.F.L. unions has dropped from 26 to only one-the 97,000-member Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen. Even so, there are Jim Crow locals aplenty, and Randolph publicly criticized Meany at the union's convention last fall for not purging them. Meany blew up. roared at Randolph, "Who the hell appointed you as guardian of all Negroes in

Since then. Randolph has been working round the clock to show him who. He is busily whipping together the "Negro American Labor Council," which aims to embrace the 1,500,000 Negro members of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. With such numbers. Randolph could press to crack open the all-white locals (in the building trades, among papermakers, boilermakers, etc.), get Negroes into apprentice training programs now closed to them, and lift Negroes to loftier positions in the A.F.L .-C.I.O. command. Chapters of Randolph's all-Negro group are abuilding from New York to the Pacific Coast, Despite Meany's opposition to such racially based splinter groups, the founding convention is set for Detroit this May. And Meany's whittling of Congressman Powell cannot help sharpening the splinters.

POLITICS Poetry & Potshots

It was a week to gladden the hardesthearted politician; from coast to coast the trombones blasted out, the bunting rippled, the political speakers roared. Thousands of chickens made the supreme sacrifice, turned up as patties and croquettes on thousands of tables at Lincoln Day dinners and Democratic rallies, In Washington, at a wingding sponsored by the D.C. League of Republican Women Voters, Dick and Pat Nixon listened without a wince to a chorus of college girls who shrilly serenaded them with a new song, to the tune of Clementine;

Out of Calif., to old D.C. You did come and make your mark, As the V.P. of the U.S. You have won so many hearts . . .

The Democrats whooped it up in like fashion. New York Democrats, at a big dinner at the Waldorf, were treated to the spectacle of Tammany Boss Carmine De Sapio solemnly reading a "Nixon nomination-acceptance speech," patterned after 'Twas the Night Before Christmas:

I'll wage a campaign that's hard and tough,

As only Dick Nixon can really get rough.

I'll smear and slander, vility, attack, For of guts and spirit I sure have no lack . . .

Amid the poetry and razzmatazz, there were some discordant, familiar old notes.

Cartoonists v. Candidates







COUNTDOWN: "JANUARY . . . FEBRUARY . .

Massachusetts' John Fitzgerald Kennedy and Minnesota's Hubert Horatio Humphrey, the Democrats' two out-in-theopen candidates, began to jab the Republicans-and each other-a little harder. In Santa Ana, Calif., hard by Nixon's home town, Humphrey said the Vice President would be a "negative, no-go, go-slow, notnow, veto type of executive," At a rally of the amateur-politico California Democratic Council in Fresno, Kennedy warned that the party "would be committing a grave error if it ever tried to out-Nixon Nixon."* Nonetheless, at the same rally, the names of Nixon and of Texas' Lyndon Baines Johnson, Democratic leader of the U.S. Senate, were booed and hissed (California Governor Pat Brown later apologized, said the delegates were just "very enthusiastic"). And Adlai Steven son, in Mexico, far from the political noisemaking, received the most applause.

Later, in Manhattan, attacking the Administration, Jack Kennedy looked over the land, overlooked prosperity, and seemed to see a U.S. shrunk even from the Khrushchev vision ("a limping horse"see Foreign News), "Seven million have an income of less than \$2,000," he proclaimed to the New York politicos. "There are 15 million on a substandard diet: 17 million are not covered even by the \$1 minimum wage. We have more than 3,000,000 unemployed workers with jobless benefits averaging less than \$31 a week." In Fresno, Humphrey took up the same theme: "We cannot, in good con-

* Last fortnight the word leaked out that George Belknap, the Democratic National Committee's director of voter analysis, had issued a secret party warning against "reckless schemes which could make Nixon a martyr and our campaign a smear . . . A frontal attack on Nixon's character . . . would almost certainly

science, enjoy our prosperity when 3,000,-000 to 4.000.000 of our fellow human beings walk the streets looking for work." In Wisconsin, with the crucial state

primary just seven weeks away, the Humphreyites and Kennedymen were after each other tooth, nail and quill, Cries of 'windbag" and "vote stealer" were hurled at Humphrey; Kennedy was labeled "soft on McCarthvism" and "tough and amoral." Brother Robert Kennedy, campaigning hard for Jack in Wisconsin, dropped some unsubtle hints that his (and Jack's) archenemy, tough Teamster Jimmy Hoffa, was backing Humphrey. Angrily, Humphrey retorted that "I have not sought Hoffa's support, and he has not offered it. The only time he came into my state recently was to say some unkind things about me.

Humphrey continued to play his poorboy candidacy for all it was worth, attributed Kennedy's political success to "a rich father. Let's face it." But, he added bravely, "I'm not complaining. These are the facts of life." In Manhattan, Jack cracked back: "I got a wire from my father that said, 'Dear Jack, Don't buy one vote more than necessary. I'll be damned if I'll pay for a landslide.' "Then he swiped at one of the candidates who had decided to sidestep the primaries: "Senator [Stuart] Symington said he hoped Wisconsin would be a good, clean fight-with no survivors.

As the campaign moved on, the signs were unmistakable that it would get rougher-all the way to November-while the voters heard from Millionaire Kennedy and Stout Proletarian Humphrey that they had seldom had it worse, Passing through Carson City, Nev. last week, Humphrey summed it up succinctly: "Democrats don't win when they go around playing ticktacktoe. They win when they slug.



"WE-ALL FROM THE DEEP WEST, SUH.



ALL THEIR EGGS IN THE SAME BASKET



SOUTH AMERICAN PRIMARY

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

Atomic Member No. 4

For the first time in 16 months, a nuclear cloud columned up and spread its cauliflower shape above the earth.

At 6:30 one morning a robot control, operated by perforated tape, was set in motion to trigger an explosion atop a 300-fi. latticed steep lyplon in the North African desert. The eye-melting flash turned mountain range on the horizon was illuminated like a stage setting. As the shock wave rolled outward, two men in Hammoudia blockhouse ten miles away were rother than the stage of the form of the first faces. With this nuclear thrown on their faces. With this nuclear thrown on their faces. With this nuclear thrown on their faces. With the success the stage of the stage of

Doed Gelm. The usual strature of Preident Chan de Guille and France of Preident Chan de Guille and France!" and cabled estatically: "Since this morning she is prouder and stronger!" Proud French officials said that weather conditions had been almost ideal in the red rock and sand testing area of Reggan, some 750 miles southwest of Algiers, lying near an ancient caravan route between the Medierranean Sea and the

Niger River.

It was dead calm at ground level, but above 10,000 ft,000 m,000 ml,000 m

"African Butcher." Only France seemed to get pleasure out of its big bane, Japan and Morocco prepared formal protests. From Nasser's Duffed Arah Republic came the cry: "The government which has acted as a butcher in Algeria is now trying to act as a butcher for all Africa." Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah of the West African state of Ghana dramatically ordered the freezing of French assets (esti-detect the control of the cont

the French embassy.

The most curious official reaction came.

The most curious official reaction came.

The most curious official reaction came are also as a constant of the constant of the constant of the congratuate and such configuration of the congratuate and ally on its technical achievement, would say only in a one-sentence statement that the event was not entire the constant of the const



France's Cauliflower Cloud
Others were not so pleased.

crime!"), the Soviet Union merely expressed its "regret" in tones that indicated more sorrow than anger. On a visit to India, Red Boss Nikita Khrushchev took the Sahara detonation in stride, remarked casually that he still believed "France and President de Gaulle also want a relaxation in tensions."

Road to Glory. To world scientists the French bomb was simply the 30th to have been exploded in the past 15 years, and a small and fairly primitive one at a small and fairly primitive one at cloud in the desert represents another stride forward on the Gaullist road to glory, which had lately been called into question by France's incapacity to govern in Algeria. Officials boast of more tests of duction of heavy water is regarded as be-

FRENCH
A-TEST

FRANCE
F

ing "a step in the direction of detonating a fiery hydrogen bomb."

A communiqué of the Gaullist U.N.R. Party appeared to speak for all of France: "In the world of tomorrow, the real independence of a nation rests essentially on the mastery of atomic energy, Thanks to the explosion at Reggan, we can rejoice that France is a great power in every respect."

respect. It might be an oddity of the 20th century, but it is also a fact that a nation's status is measured in such terms. To those who criticized France for so expensive and negative a way of pursuing power, De Gaulle countered by saying he could not understand why France should be singled out for criticism, while three other nations were stockpiling the nuclear capacity to destroy life on earth. At a press conference last November, he referred skeptically to the historic fickleness of all alliances, and added: "One can well imagine on some terrible occasion Western Europe being annihilated from Moscow and Central Europe from Washington [while each of the two great antagonists decides | not to launch its weapons against its main adversary so as not to be threatened itself." Therefore, insisted Charles de Gaulle. France "is rendering a service to the balance of the world." A similar argument can be expected from whoever becomes Atomic Power No. 5.

Defeat for the Right

In northern France's cathedral city of Amiens one afternoon last week, 35,000 French farmers raged through the heart of town, smashing windows and stoning cops in a riot that left 70 farmers and 50 police injured. By general agreement, France's farmers had legitimate cause for complaint: although they make up 25% of the population, they get only 10% of the national income.* De Gaulle's abolition of a parity index hitching farm prices to market prices had hit them hard. But the indignant farmers at Amiens (pop. 100,000) were pushed into a rampaging mood by right-wing agitators who broke up their gathering with cries of "Vive Massu" and "Algérie Française!" The head of the farmers' group was himself stoned to unconsciousness as he tried to quell the agitators. Behind the violence at Amiens lay a

desperate effort by France's right wing to strike back at Charles de Gaulle on the mainland. They were on the run in Algeria—the bastion from which they had defied the prewar Third Republic and toppled the Fourth. By last week De Gaulle had:

¶ Scrapped the 100,000-man Algerian Home Guard, whose members manned most of the barricades in the recent insurrection.

9 In 1958 farm families made up 12% of the U.S. population, got 6.6% of the national in¶ Abolished the "Fifth Bureau"—the shrilly nationalistic army propaganda section which had worked tirelessly to sabotage De Gaulle's Algerian policies.

¶ Slapped three right-wing generals onto the inactive list and punished seven other senior officers.

¶ Replaced the six top officers of the Algiers police force and restored all police powers to the civil government. ¶ Imprisoned most of the leading Algiers

plotters—including Count Alain de Sérigny, proprietor of Algeria's most influential daily, L'Echo d'Alger.

Concoled Cruise. For Algeria's European settlers, the most ominous move of
all was the jailing (on charges of "piloting against the security of the state")
of 48-year-old Publisher de Sérigny. A
World War II Pétainist who barely
escaped arrest when the Free French
erached Aligiers, bald, spectacled Alain de
Sérigny has long been the uncontested
community, helped incite by his avage
editorials the settlers' 1956 manhandling
of Premier Guy Mollet (Tukr, Feb. 20.
1956) and the 1958 uprising that sparked
De Gaulle's return to power.

Never before prosecuted for his conspiracies, De Sérigny tried to flee Algiers by ship. But last week, as police haudel him off to Algiers' Barberousse Prison to join 1,000 imprisoned Moslem rebels, he muttered to himself over and over again: "A De Sérigny in Barberousse! It is impossible! It is incomprehensible!"

Time to Talk. Said one Algerian Moslem happily: "Whatever is bad for De Sérigny is good for us." De Gaulle's new assertion of authority over Algeria posed a problem to the leaders of Algeria's fivevear-old F.L.N. rebellion, Millions of uncommitted Moslems might become less eager to support the harsh cries of the rebel leadership. From neighboring Tunisia, rebel leaders leaked word that they were about to request peace talks on the basis of De Gaulle's Algeria-wide self-determination offer of last September. For the first time, the rebels even professed willingness to accept De Gaulle's stipulation that negotiations must not deal with Algeria's political future, insisted that all they wanted to talk about was the "technical" problems of ensuring an honest self-determination vote,

WEST GERMANY

ough Too

In Washington last week Secretary of State Christian Herter won headlines by saying that Nikita Khrushchev was hardening his stand on West Berlin. But so, too, though Herter failed to mention it, was West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.

Adenauer has become increasingly resentful of what he considers U.S. and British indifference to persistent Soviet attempts to persuade the world that the Berlin question is the only obstacle to East-West harmony. Bitterly, Adenauer points out that, while Khrushchev preaches "relaxation of tensions" everywhere else,



RIOT POLICE CHARGING RIOTING FARMERS AT AMIENS
An echo of Algeria on the mainland.

he loses no opportunity to vilify West Germany. In their latest exchange of notes, Khrushchev compared Adenauer to Hitler in three separate passages, accused the West German government of encouraging anti-Semitism and plotting war.

Worse vet. Adenauer is deeply suspicious that the U.S. and Britain are resigned to accepting eventual East German control of the land routes to West Berlin, Fortnight ago, acting with West Berlin's Socialist Mayor Willy Brandt, Adenauer presented Western summit planners with a memorandum declaring that West Berlin is legally a state of the West German Federal Republic. The implication: West Germany has the right to veto any summit decision on Berlin that the Germans find unacceptable. But the Anglo-American view of Berlin's status is that their own rights as World War II victors constitute the only Western legal claim to maintain garrisons in Berlin.

Willy Brandt is more tactful, but just as insistent, in pressing West Germany's claim. Says he: "The word 'veto' overplays the whole thing. West Germany is part of the Western community. It is normal for the Western powers not to make a decision about a German city without the approval of the German government. If they did otherwise, there would be very deplorable consequences."

COMMUNISTS

In Dispraise of Macaroni

Italy's President Giovanni Gronchi, 72, was all aglow with anticipation. In flying off to Moscow, Christian Democrat Gronchi had overridden the protests of his ministers, had so vexed the Vatican that Italy's Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani had publicly denounced "men of high responsibility in the West" for their readiness "to shake the hand that slapped Christ in the face." But to restless Glovanin Gronchi, who believes in "an opening to the left," the Moscow trip seemed a prime chance to prove his mediating talents and to make Italy something more than just a junior partner in the Western alliance.

At Moscow Airport things got off to a bumpy start. Turning to Italian Foreign Minister Giuseppe Pella, whom the Russians regard as "hopelessly" pro-Western, Nikita Khrushchev began to twit him on the Alitalia DC-6B in which the Gronchi party had arrived. Said Khrushchey: Since you buy your airplanes abroad, you should know that ours go much faster. Why don't you buy airplanes that are faster and perhaps cheaper?" Taken aback. Pella began to argue that Russian jets actually cost more than the U.S .made DC-6B (an obsolescent type on U.S. airlines). Khrushchev dismissed the point with a proverb: "When fish is cheap, it's always rotten.'

cheap, it's always rotten."

The Timekeepers. The real trouble began when Gronchi and Pella, in Isabinonable Italian style, arrived ity minutes she was a style arrived to the she was a s

when Gronchi presented Khrushchev with a 16th century bust of Marcus Aurelius. That evening, at a big Italian embassy

That evening, at a big Italian embassy reception, Khrushchev made it clear that he had abandoned all hope of capitalizing on Gronchi's vague visions of a more "flexible" Italian foreign policy. In a long, menacing toast, Khrushchev bluntly warned that Russia would not relax its hold over Communist East German ("The situation created by World War II cannot be changed without a war"); he was not interested in West German views ("We cannot accept conditions from men who were beaten at Stalingrad"), then launched into a series of unfavorable comparisons between Italy and Russia.

"Our soldiers have been in Italy as allies," he said. "Yours tried to come to

don't show much eagerness to reach an agreement.

Italian newspapermen, scribbling furiously, cabled home long reports of "this mortifying episode," and Khrushchev's "crude frankness." Returning to Rome, Gronchi was roundly cheered at the airport, and praised for his demeanor by newspapers that had originally criticized his visit. It was the turn of the Italian Communist press, which had trumpeted his tour, to realize that the tour had badly misfired and angered Italian pride. Khrushchev, said Rome's conservative II

unites the Soviet Union and Communist China than divides them. But what divides them is becoming more and more conspicuous, Ageless national conflicts are already pulling Russia and China in different directions. Under the impact of their exploding population, the Chinese are moving westward and northward into the border lands of Mongolia, Sinkiang and Manchuria (where population has doubled since 1923)

When Toronto's Geophysicist J. Tuzo Wilson recently crossed the border, he found that it took five hours. After the Russians had switched the train wheels at Otpor to fit China's narrower-gauge tracks, he reported: "The train crept forward in the dark toward the actual border. It was brilliantly floodlit. Soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets were on guard. The last Russian I saw was gazing up at the underside of the cars with a floodlight to make sure no one was riding the rods out of the workers' paradise.

"The train continued creeping forward for what seemed an age. The change was complete. Three miles back, every person had been Western and every sign had been in Russian, Now everyone was Oriental and there was not a sign in any language but Chinese. We had entered the Orient as one jumps off a dock into the sea-

Hard Bargains. Western specialists no longer dismiss the differences between Peking and Moscow as some kind of subtle maneuver to confuse the West, But they believe that China's objections to Khrushchev's policy of coexistence with the West are more tactical than strategic. Russia wants peace to get on with its industrialization. China still needs outside hostility to unite a restless people.

In ten years the Russians have lent the Chinese the somewhat unimpressive sum of \$430 million, in deals signed only after months of hard bargaining. Currently the Chinese are shipping the Russians \$250 million worth of goods a year more than they receive. Still, when the Chinese proclaim loudest of all that Communist strength now exceeds Western strength. the strength they are bragging about is

primarily Russia's-Sputniks and missiles. To the Rescue, Mao, after Stalin's death, fancied himself the senior philosopher of Communism, a man who had made his own revolution instead of merely inheriting it. At first Mao often intervened grandly in Communist Europe-at one point to back the Poles against Kremlin pressures, later to help Khrushchev when his authority tottered after the Hungarian revolt, and finally to lead the 1958 outcry against Tito's deviation from the true faith. But as the Sino-Soviet pact became ten years old, it was Johnny-Come-Lately Nikita Khrushchev who had to go to China's rescue. It had been a disastrous year for China: troubles in the communes, the bloody repression of Tibet, Peking's maladroit handling of India, its antagonizing of Burma and Indonesia. It now requires Khrushchev's hardest efforts (he got a smaller hello last week in India than did Eisenhower) to try to retrieve Communism's sagging fortunes in Asia.



KHRUSHCHEV & GRONCHI (WITH EYEGLASSES) IN MOSCOW 'Think it over and join the party.'

our country as enemies.* That we can never forget." Cooling down, Khrushchev talked of how in 42 years Russia has become "the first country in the world of culture. We have no poor, no unemployed. In capitalism, the smartest man is the one with the most dollars. Here he is the one with the most talents. Think it over, Mr. President, and join the Communist Party

Money & the Moon, Icily, Gronchi retorted: "I would like to present Premier Khrushchev with a good wish. Maybe one day, touched by divine grace, he will enter the Christian Democratic Party.

Khrushchev (angrily): Which party gives most to the people? Our flag has reached the moon. And you? What have you done?

Gronchi answered mildly that only the rich can afford some things. Khrushchev (contemptuously); We do

not sell ideas. Ideas are not salami. Pella (breaking in): Anyway, we do not agree with you on Berlin and Germany. Khrushchev: Life is a great teacher. If you come to tell me that Italian maca-

roni is better than Russian kyass† you * Ten Italian divisions fought against Russia on the Eastern front in World War II,

† A faintly (1/2 of 1%) alcoholic malt drink,

Messaggero bitterly, obviously looks upon Italy as "a country of beggars and singers.

Perhaps he does. But Khrushchev also sometimes resembles a garrulous all-night disk jockey who does not expect his every word to be remembered and held against him. When Foreign Minister Pella reproached him afterwards for his conduct, Khrushchev shrugged: "Maybe you're right. But that's how I am." Taking hold of Gronchi's hand he asked: "You weren't at all offended by what I said, were you?"

Creaking Axis On Valentine's Day 1950, as Joseph Stalin and Mao Tse-tung sealed a treaty of "friendship, alliance and mutual security," Comrade Mao predicted that this union of 700 million people would "inevitably influence the future of all mankind." This week the tenth anniversary of that historic union was observed with determined gaiety in Peking with lectures, parades and folklore festivals. Soviet Boss Khrushchev was too busy to take part personally in these solemnities. China's No. 1 ally was, ironically enough, off in India building friendship with China's No. 1 rival for Asian leadership. Uneasy Neighbors. If there is one

roposition on which all the Western intelligence experts agree, it is that more

An elegant Continental soup can be on your table tonight

Campbell's freezing brings you an authentic cream of potato soup for only about 12¢ a bowl



If it hadn't been for a quick-thinking seaman returning from America with Sir Francis Drake, the world might still be waiting for potato soup. When Drake ordered everything

thrown overboard to lighten ship in a storm, one of his sailors pocketed a few potatoes. These were the first ever planted in Ireland. Soon potatoes were everyday fare all over Europe. This was the potato's role-a plain,

but companionable vegetable—until cate flavor in a fragrant cream soup. Here was a dish so superb that it found its way onto fancy menus everywhere (at fancy prices)

Continental Eating at Home Now, thanks to Campbell's skill and freezing, you can serve a cream of potato soup at home comparable to one you'd get in a fine Continental restaurant.

Campbell chefs start with specially selected white potatoes and cook them until tender. Then they add fresh until tender. Then they add fresh milk, cream, butter, onion, and sea-sonings, and let the soup simmer up to the precise moment it satisfies their

Then, quicker than you can steal a whiff, the soup is rushed to the freezer. There just isn't any other way to keep the flavors kettle-fresh for your table.

A Dollar's Worth for Pennies At a gourmet restaurant, soup like



Cream of Potato Soup, a specialty of far now yours to enjoy anytime-thanks to Campbell's freezing.

this might cost \$1 or more . . . and be well worth it. But Campbell's Cream of Potato Soup costs you only about 12é a bowl. Try some today . . . look in your grocer's freezer for the red and







POTATO

Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef Cream of Potato . Cream of Shrimp Clam Chowder (New England Style) Green Pea with Ham . Oyster Stew TIME FERRUARY 22 1960

CREAM of POTATO SOUP

FROZEN by Campbells

RUSSIA

Enoch & Other Cosmonauts

The controlled newspapers and magazines of the Soviet Union ridiculed the Western craze for flying saucers. But ever since the first Sputnik, the Russians have indulged in their own kind of science first space. One Aleksandr Kaanstev theorized that the great Tunguska depression in Siberia, actually caused by the fall of a meteor in 1908, had really resulted from the explosion of a nuclear-powered space-ship attempting to land on earth. Reputationally actually the side of the control of the contro

and Elijah, who "reportedly" ascended to heaven, may have been sample earthlings taken back in the cosmonauts' spaceship.

Further, "the attention of modern man familiar with the discoveries of nuclear physics must be struck by the Biblical description of Sodom and Gomorrah." Biblical passage into modern language and decided that the columns of smoke, the fire and brimstone that destroyed the cities resulted from the blast "caused by the cosmonauts, who, before take-off, zirduel after first warning the surrounding inhabitants" to flee. Those who looked back (e.g., tot's wife) "were blinded and

Culver Serv

DESTRUCTION OF SODOM
Red version: Lot's wife was blinded by a nuclear explosion.

him of being a charlatan and a cheap sensationalist, but his theories continued to turn up in the Literary Gazette, the publication of the Soviet Writer Union, Law Valentin Rich and Mikhail Chernenkov, who made Kazantsev's imagination seem earthbound indeed. Starting from the premise that earth cannot possibly be the only inhabited planet in the universe, the co-authors searched for evidence that the world has been visited in times past by commonated from outer space, and the library of the Middie East and the Bible.

They concluded that the famed "Baalbek verandah" in Lehanon—a vast and ancient platform of huge stone slabs may have been the launching site for the world. Though discounting the Bible as a source of revealed religion, Writers Rich and Chernenkov eagerly accept it as a historical document. References to angels descending to earth, they decided, may refer to traveless from outer space, "just refer to traveless from outer space," just Spaniards were taken for gods by the Indians." Such Biblical figures as Enoch perished." A little nervously, the Literary Gazette prefaced this saucer-eyed silliness with the caveat that it "stands on the borderline of daring scientific guesswork and scientific fantasy."

THE NETHERLANDS The Hired Man

In The Netherlands, which takes its welfare-state benefits seriously, a conscientious civil servant in the village of Diepenveen (pop. 4,018) decided to go out and inform a local farm hand named Hendrik Bally in person that the government, now that he had turned 65, would henceforth pay him a pension of 81 guilders (\$31,31) a month.

Last week, dressed in the first pair of pajamas he had ever had and wearing a new hearing aid and spectacles that the old folks' home had given him, Bally told reporters his eerie story. Back in 1910, Bally, a 15-year-old orphan, was shipped off to Farmer Kolkman's place to work for a bed in the attic and 2.50 guilders (65¢) a week. In those days the guilder went far, and young Bally never complained. By the time the first World War broke out, he was too deaf to be called up, and since his eyesight had also begun to fail, he soon stopped keeping track of the war news. He learned about World War II only because Farmer Kolkman docked him an extra 50 Dutch cents for the higher price of tobacco -and he learned about peace when the surcharge ended.

Still at his 1910 wage of 65¢ a week, Bally never got a day off, not was he ever allowed to go into town six miles away. When the master's retarded son got married and then had a baby, the family decided to cut down on Bally's rations to even out the family budget. Occasionally a neighbor would see Bally scrounging around in the garbace, Still, Bally had could read whenever Madame Kolkman, as a mark of special favor, allowed him to use her glasser.

On the night he ran away, Farmer Kolkman had decided to punish Bally for his impertinence in front of the government man by withholding Madame Kolkman's glasses indefinitely. After 50 years, this was too much for Bally to bear.

When the newspapers spread Bally's story, Farmer Kolkman could not understand the fuss, "Hendrik never asked for a raise," he said, "He had his Sunday suit, and every morning we gave him an egg. He didn't want any more," As for Bally himself, now that he had

glasses of his own, he had taken a look at newspapers again, and could not find much of interest in them. "It's like the old days," he said. "They still quarrel."

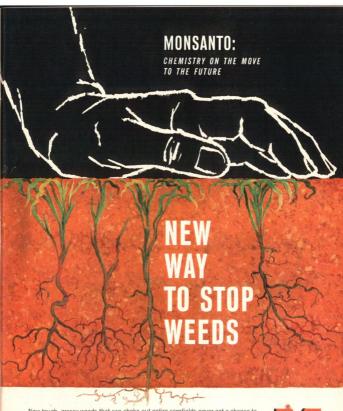
TUNISIA

Breaking the Fast

Just as the Christian Lent produced the custom of Mardi gras, so the Moslem fast of Ramadan, ninth and holiest month of the lunar calendar.* has long led to peculiar accommodations in Islamic countries. For 29 or 30 days every year, the devout, who must abstain from food, drink, tobacco and sex from dawn to sundown, make up for it by overindulging and undersleeping during the hours of darkness. When Ramadan, on its 32-year migration through the solar calendar, happens to fall in summer, many a weary Moslem gives up, sleeps the whole fasting day through. Tempers grow short, and politics and propaganda a little sharper. Little work gets done in Ramadan. Tunisia's modern-minded President Ha-

bib Bourguiba, a Moslem himself, regards

Commemorating Allah's revelation of the Koran to Prophet Mohammed,

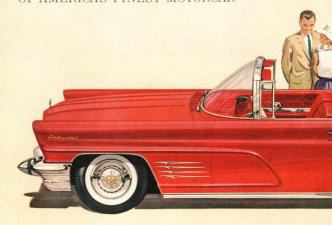


Now tough, grassy weeds that can choke out entire conflields never get a chance to emerge from the soil. Monsanto's Randox,* sprayed on the fields at planting time, kills the grassy weeds—yet corn, itself a grass, comes through clean and healthy. Another example of how Monsanto research is moving ahead on many fronts to serve you. Monsanto Chemical Company, Corporate Division, St. Louis 66, Missouri.



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OLD KENTUCKY TAVERN

AGED SEVEN FULL YEARS

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY GLEMMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY "Where Perfection of Product is Tradition" LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, @ 1959 Ramadan as so much cultural excess bagage. He has already officially abolished the veil in Tunisia and introduced European notions of marriage and divorce in place of Islamic laws, in which women have little or no rights. Then he set to work on Ramadan, a custom which he believes helps hold Islamic countries in "stagnation, weakness and decadence." Last year in Ramadan he imposed midnification of the control of the control of the dawn.

Last week Bourguiba went all the way. Before a political meeting in a Tunis movie house, he called Ramadan, with its positive requirements of prayers and medithat in practice too often is a "pretext that paralyzes our activity," He shocked his hearers by urging them not to fast during Ramadan, which begins Feb. 29. As a clinching argument, Bourguiba recalled that even Mohammed, when inconveniently overtaken by Ramadan on his march to Mecca, counseled his soldiers: "Break the fast, and you will be stronger to confront the enemy." Today's enemy for Tunisia, said Bourguiba, is the "humiliating backward condition of our country." It remained to be seen whether progressive-minded President Bourguiba, for all his political strength, could break a custom of centuries.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Reflex

"Untinkable!" one London newspaper called it when the rumor first popped up a month ago. But last week, only a few days before her third child was expected. Queen Elizabeth II announced her "will certain of her descendants, not in line for the throne, be permitted to bear the name of her husbands house as well as of her own. By the intricate provisions of the royal declaration. Britain would not see a Mounthatten Windows for three general of name any sweeter.

For many Britons, the almost instinctive hostility to the House of Mounthatten goes back to the anti-German feeling of World War I, when Wagner's music was banned from the Albert Hall and to have a German name could mean getting the sack. Most prominent victim of the anti-German feeling of the day was no less a personage than Britain's Germander of Battenberg, who had been a British subject for 46 years.

"You Are Right". "He was married"

"You Are Right ... "He was married to a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, but to a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, but to a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, but was to be a grandfaughter of the property of



EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA
The Queen's "will and pleasure."

plied Churchill, "you are right in your decision."

In 1917 King George V himself felt obliged to discard all such "German Degrees, Styles, Dignities, Titles, Honours and Appellations to Us" as the Dukes and Duchesses of Saxeo, and the Princes and Princesses of Saxeo, and Gotha. The Company of the Prince Louis of Rattenberg became: Prince Louis of Rattenberg became: a little and the Prince Louis of Rattenberg became: a little prince Louis of Rattenberg became: different princes and the Prince Louis of Rattenberg became: different princes and the Princes and Saxeo Little and Company of the Princes and Compa

To right-wing types in England, he remains "the man who gave India away" under the direction of Attlee's Socialist government. To society, he and his Edwina are too flamboyant and pushy, e.g., they dress their male staff in the same navy blue uniforms as the Buckingham Palace staff.

Of all the earl's achievements, none matched the way he pushed forward his handsome young Greek nephew, the fair-haired but indigent Prince Philip of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Gluckeburg. He burg. He arranged his nephew's first meeting with 13-year-old Princess Elizabeth, watched over their friendship until he saw Philip become consort to the Queen.

"Sad Blunder." Last year irrepressible Uncle Dickie privately published a book on his family tree claiming that until the Queen went through the formal process of adopting the name of Windsor in April of 1952, she had reigned two months as a Mountbatten, and therefore the House of Mountbatten historically "takes its place among the reigning houses of the United Kingdom." Last week, when Her Majesty announced her "will and pleasthe press could not shake off the unpleasant conviction that Uncle Dickie was behind it all. "A victory for Prince Philip and his uncle!" growled the Daily Herald. "A sad blunder," said Lord Beaverbrook's Daily Express. "The decision will not be approved by the British public," said Britain's biggest paper, the tabloid Daily Mirror. From the London Times there was an uncomfortable silence. But for all these reservations about the Oueen's decision, the expected birth within the next few days of another royal heir was bound to remind everyone again how basically popular Britain's Oueen is.

OKINAWA Home Was Never Like This

Okinawa's Kadena Airbase was last week proving that life in a remote U.S. military outpost facing Red China can indeed be beautiful. Not only were the brass and high-ranking non coms on Okinawa enjoying the privilege of private bathing beaches and their well-appointed clubs; even privates and corporals could go to their own pleasure domes for evening relaxation. Each evening, busloads of pretty Okinawan hostesses pull up to the blue-and-white-striped awning before the Kadena Airmen's Club (for airmen up to corporal's rank), and the gaily chattering girls-each of whom has passed a physical exam-hurry inside to dance with and entertain G.I.s. The charge for an evening's companionship: 75¢. Girls are not all a G.I. gets. In the club

Girls are not all a G.I. gets. In the club foyer stand 4,4 bor machines that spill out jackpots of up to \$1,500. The slot machines are what makes everything else possible. There are bingo games with with all expenses paid. At the bar, cocktails and highballs cost sf each. Steals served by dimpled Okinawan waitresses come higher: 25f. Once a week, pizza pies are served free, once a month, all drinks

The Gimmicks. The Job of thinking up mew delights for the 4.447; of the members belongs to M/Set. Joseph Peter Klauzar. 42. A beefy (237 Jibs.), Milwaukee-born former movie-house manager. Klauzar says: "When I was in showphis the secret was constant gimmicks." Since gimmicks come easy, like giving free champsane and 16-ounce steak thinners to any Gottomer shows the control of the show of the same of the shows the secret like Club Manager Klausar a showbix expert like Club Manager Klausar a showbix expert like Club Manager Klausar shows the shows the

zar would have the daring to go shopping for Stateside acts like the De Castro Sisters, Sammy Davis Jr. or Ray Anthony's band to provide a floor show for the tired airman who has spent a hard day in the hangar or office.

Another gimmick that has the authentic Klauzar touch is the "Mister Big Shot" contest. All members of the Airmen's Club are eligible for a weekly drawing. and the lucky winner gets the personal use for four days of a chauffeur-driven, airconditioned Lincoln with gold-and-black brocade upholstery, plus \$50 for spending money so that he can live up to it. M/Sgt. Klauzar tactfully offered the first ride in the G.I.s' Lincoln to Okinawa's Air Force commander, tall (6 ft. 6 in.) Major General Dale O. Smith, who wrote a thank-vou note: "It was a thrill to ride in such luxury, and I envy those fortunate airmen who earn the Big Shot title, I noted with pleasure the increase in interest and activities so prevalent in the Kadena Airmen's Club. Such enthusiasi typifies the esprit de corps of the United States Air Force fighting man!'

The Take. The Air Force likes to point out too that the Kadena Club and the 49 other servicemen's clubs on the island keep soldiers on base and out of Okinawa's bars and brothels. They also like to talk of sideline good works, such as having G.I.s' wives run up bedsheets and curtains for Okinawan hospitals. But the main fact is that the clubs pay no taxes on liquor duties, and are happily exempt from the local Okinawan law that forbids all gambling. They run up profits of as high as \$12,000 a month, while charging members only SI a month dues. The revenue from slot machines alone is an estimated \$2 .-500,000 annually for the 50 service clubs.

Sergeant Klauzar feels he must pay particular attention to his 80 Okinawan hostesses. Airmen are not allowed to board the buses that take the girls home at 11 p.m. (2 a.m. on Saturdays), but there is no rule against making dates off base after hours. Klauzar urges his girls to read magazines. Each day each hostess must name one topic on which she feels she can talk.

The Tolkers. Klauzar requires gabbiness in his girls because long experience has given him an image of the U.S. soldier far different from that of the flhi, brash, nimble-witted G.I. projected by Hollyvaerage American is backwards with girls. I could take five G.I.s from anywhere and put the five lovellest girls in the world next to them. If the girls didn't start a conversation, the G.I.s would just sit there looking at them. They would be afraid to In the interest of making his G.I.s more

at case with women, Sergeant Klauset alst week was busy with a brand-new gimmick: the building of an oblong annex to be known as the Key Club. Explains romance-minded Klausar: "It's to be for couples only. It will be a place where they can ... um ... hold hands. Each couple will have their own key, and there will be a doorman checking membership cards to be sure that only members get in."

BELGIAN CONGO

Bedlam in Brussels

For the orderly Belgians, the Congo conference in Brussels had been a threeweek nightmare. Even as they were preparing to announce the Congo's imminent independence, Joseph Kasavubu, 42. the top Congolese leader, stomped out of the conference and disappeared for two weeks. Another delegate, for obscure reasons, packed up and vanished in the direction of Communist East Berlin. New delegations arrived almost daily from the Congo and demanded places at the talks: by last week nearly 100 were seated around the table, and, transporting them by limousines having proved impossible, they moved from hotels to sessions in chartered streetcars. Meetings were a mad mélange of inflammatory speeches, doorslamming walkouts, rival press conferences and angry communiqués as 60 Congolese parties and innumerable tribal



LUMUMBA & BANDAGED WRISTS
Eat before the others and be burned.

chiefs jockeyed for position in the race to lead the vast new nation-to-be. One delegate tried to restrain the others by quoting an old tribal saying: "He who tries to eat before the others burns himself." Chief rival for the power of the mer-

curial Kasavubu is Patrice Lumumba, 33, onetime postal clerk in Stanleyville who served six months in jail in 1958 for embezzling \$2,400 in postal money. He was arrested again after nationalist riots last November in which more than 20 were killed. Released from a Congo jail three weeks ago to lead his Congolese National Movement delegation at Brussels, he arrived proudly showing wrists bandaged from wearing tight handcuffs. Kasavubu's Abako group campaigned for a loose federal system in the new Congo, since its strength is mostly confined to the Leopoldville province. Lumumba, whose party group has wider geographical support, felt he would do better with a centralized regime. In the end the Belgians worked out a compromise modeled on the U.S. system with elaborate as-

surances of local and provincial authority.
The Belgians agreed to practically all
the Congolese political demands in the
hope that independence will result in
happy economic cooperation. But in the
absence of full assurance that a Congolese
government would guarantee Belgian property, shares in colonial corporations have
dropped 50% to 60% in the Brussels
stock market during the past year.

SOUTH AFRICA

Delayed Reaction

Like some modern Moloch, South Africa's mining industry has long come to expect its regular sacrifice of human lives. And even hough in good years South Afton of coal mined as the U.S., the fact ton of coal mined as the U.S., the fact that most miners are black men has kept the subject from becoming too important in South Africa. But three weeks after the Coalbrook rockfall entombed art blacks in the mation's history (Thur, Fub. 1), the Union finally was working up a real case of public indignation.

The slow burn began when Johannesburg's Golden City Post, most respected of the country's African newspapers, reported that there had been an earlier severe cave-in shortly before the big blast and rockfall. Some 40 miners scrambled for the safety of the lift cage. Half were forced back at the cage entrance, reported the Post; 20 others reached the surface but found their way blocked by supervisors who ordered them back into the tunnel. Two natives who refused to go back were clapped into the mine's own jail on charges of insubordination, said the Post (and after the disaster were quietly released). Eighteen apparently persisted and found a side exit, for the Government Department of Mines last week announced that 18 natives, previously listed as dead, had all turned up alive. Minister of Mines Johannes de Klerk promised a full investigation of the Post's charges,

As to the big cave-in, Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd solemnly told Parliament that after five attempts to bore through 500 ft. of earth and limestone in search of the men, "all hope" had been abandoned. But wives of three of the white miners begged for one more rescue attempt. A self-styled seer, Petrus Johannes Kleinhans, 29, had told them that he had a vision in which he saw the precise position of seven black and three white men, still alive. When he pointed to the place to dig, mine officials, who had insisted all along that there was no hope, said it was 1,100 ft. away from the nearest tunnel. Seer Kleinhans then had a second vision in which he saw all ten dying at exactly 9:15 Friday morning. Though rush rescue attempts had stopped by that time, the mine operators expect eventually to get out all of the bodies. Reason: Africans usually refuse to work in any



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mine where bodies have been sealed off. For South Africans one awkward test of compassion still remained. A relief und for the survivors had climbed past the \$500.000 mark. In South Africa there pensation lasse great a white miner's wife a pension for life of up to \$51 a month. But a Banta widow gets only a lump sum payment, which, if prudently invested, would give a return calculated at \$50 a word of the fund were trying to a dat keeper of the fund were trying to a dat keeper of the fund were trying to a data for the sum of the sum

KENYA

The Man They Left Behind

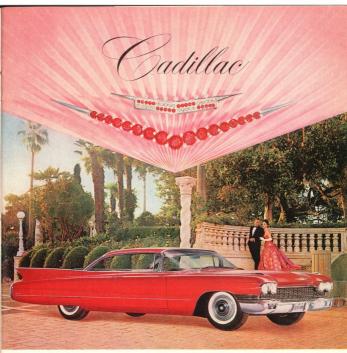
"Isn't it better," said the husky white settler from Kenya somewhat plaintively last week, "for us to let the African take the wheel of the bus as long as we can sit by his side and read the map, rather than wait until he throws us out?" For five



MICHAEL BLUNDELL
The bus was moving too fast.

years ambitious Michael Blundell, 52, bead of the moderate New Kenya Group, has been urging his 65,000 fellow whites to accept a multiracial government before the colony's 6,000,000 blacks take over everything themselves. Last week, as the was drawing to a close (Time, Feb. 2 et seq.), the one man who looked as if he might miss the bus was Michael Blundell himself.

The crucial issue before the conference was: Who would control Kenya's new Legislative Council as the colony moved not independence? Since the blacks and whites of Kenya could not agree among themselves, Britain's astute new Golonial Secretary, Iain Macleod, offered a plan of direct and indirect elections, under which 37 seats out of 65 in the new Legislative Council would be held by Africans. Twen-



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ty seats would be reserved to Europeans (10), Asians (8) and Arabs (2), but voted on by the entire electorate. This, in diluted form, met many of the original demands of the Africans' vigorous Labor Leader Tom Mboya, 20, He balked a bit, but when Macloed made it clear that this would be a final offer, Mboya accepted.

To Blundell, however, the plan came as a devastating shock. He had already risked his white support by trying to reach a compromise with Mboya, who does not trust Blundell's liberalism and prefers to operate against the more extreme European wing led by Group Captain Llewellyn Briggs. With the ultras, Mboya believes, Africans at least know where they stand. White extremists have already begun denouncing Blundell back home as a dupe. Now, far from rewarding him for his reasonableness. Macleod confronted him with a plan that seemed destined only to stiffen his white critics further. For big Michael Blundell, the bus seemed already moving too fast,

AUSTRALIA

To the Bench

"At last Doc Evatt has done something for his party," growled an Australian Laborite M.P. In the raucous and rowdy warfare of Australian politics, spades are called bloody shovels, and Dr. Herbert Vere Evatt is sometimes called worse. Last week, at 65, Doc Evatt ended his rambunctious political career by accepting appointment by the New South Wales Labor premier as chief justice of the state supreme court. This proud, stubborn, able, unpredictable barrister is remembered in the U.S. as the Australian Foreign Minister who took a leading part in launching the U.N. and served as president of its General Assembly. In the lobbies of Canberra and in every pub from Perth to Brisbane, he is commonly held to be the blankety-blank who led the once-powerful Australian Labor Party to ruin.

Taking over the leadership in 1951 at the death of ex-Prime Minister Ben Chiflev. Evatt was immediately caught up in bitter sectarian fight between Communists and Catholic Actionists inside the labor movement. When the Soviet Embassy defector Vladimir Petrov named two Evatt secretaries as accomplices in espionage (they were later cleared). Evatt appeared as their lawyer, thereby alienating the immigrant vote (many are refugees from Communism). Turning on the Catholic Actionists, Evatt antagonized many of the Irish Catholics who traditionally vote Labor. Conservative Robert Menzies has won a decisive victory in the last three elections.

Now Labor must rebuild in a prosperous land that plainly prefers Menales' stable free-enterprising Conservation. Currently favored to be chosen party leader: Arthur Calwell, 63, a peppery, tousleheded Roman Catholic who as Labor's last Immigration Minister fathered the program that has brought in 1,400,000 European settlers to keep Australia's post-war economy booming.

TIME, FEBRUARY 22, 1960



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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

"An Ongoing Process"

The big success story in Canada, this year is the tall of the 120-miller im of rolling land that hugs the western shore of rolling land that hugs the western shore of Lake Ontario from Shawato Nigagara Falls. One out of every seven Canadians now lives there. They produce—in 6,000 factories manging from Ford's assembly line at universe the contraction of 140-000 cars a year) to tailor-tonic shops in Toronto—more than \$6.5, while the product of 140-000 cars a year 10 tailor-tonic shops in Toronto—more than \$6.5, while the product of 140-000 cars a year 10 tailor-tonic shops in Toronto—more than \$6.5, while the product of 140-000 cars a year of 140-000 cars a y

The horseshoe seems to glow more gold-en every year. As its population has increased at the rate of nearly 5% yearly (from 1,700,000 in 1950 to 2,500,000 1,500,000 in 2,500 to 2,500,000 has set up shop: last year alone 2,5 factories moved into metropolitan Toronto. Says William Nickle, Ontario's Minister of Planning and Development: "It's an ongoing process—substruction of the propulation of the propulation."

The spectacular individual success stories are not about economic giants but about small firms and energetic men, including European immigrants (more than 20% of the 1,900,000 postwar "new Canadians" have settled in the horseshoe). When he left Italy nine years ago, Carpenter Alfonso Frisina had little money and less English, but he barged right into the contracting business: this year Frisina will put up Hamilton's first skyscraper, a 22-story, \$4,000,000 office building. Toronto-born Harvey Keith, 55, quit his job as a supermarket supervisor in 1950, borrowed \$5,000 to go into real estate, guessed right on the horseshoe's land boom, last year grossed \$33 million, Japanese-Canadian Arthur Tateishi, 40, who began building phonographs in his basement after work hours, went into business in 1945, expanded to meet the new demand for hi-fi. last year grossed \$3,000,000.

The financial and cultural capital of the horseshoe-and of Canada-is sprawling, fast-growing Toronto (metropolitan pop. 1,500,000, second only to Montreal's 1,600,000). One of the continent's genuine boom towns, Toronto encourages light industry; only a handful of factories hire more than 500 men. But more good money than good planning has gone into the horseshoe's erratic growth. While Toronto is a pretty, leafy city, most of the others are depressingly ugly, and Chairman Frederick Gardiner of the Toronto Metropolitan Council warns that by 1975 the area will be a "wilderness," consisting of "one solid city from Oshawa to Niagara Falls.'

olid city from Oshawa to Niagara Falls." Whether wilderness or wonderland, the horseshoe seems sure of even more development. Last year Oshawa (pop. 58coo) made its first efforts at locating a new factory or two, got six. Says its Industrial Development Commissioner: "All we have to do is let companies know we exist and get them interested in taking a look. From there on it's easy."

CUBA Clarified & Defined

Clarified & Defined

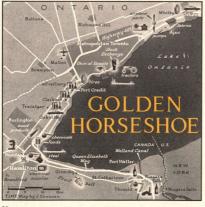
"Thank you, Señor Mikoyan," said the

"Thank you, Señor Mikoyan," said the Havana newspaper, Diario de la Marina. Havana newspaper, Diario de la Marina. Havana newspaper, Diario de la Marina. Havana newspaper, Diario de la Marina was manista and their knowing and unknowing accomplices; on the other side Cuban who want to continue being free men in a free world." Leaving Cuba after ten days, and a promise of resumed diplomatic relations, But there were many signs that the common Cuban found the new warmth the common Cuban found the new warmth and even danaerous.

Fidel Castro and Anastas Mikoyan could hardly have been closer. They flew around Cuba in a huge blue-and-white Russian-marked helicopter, Castro showed Mikoyan the tobacco lands in the west, the Isle of Pines, a government agriculture cooperative, the Moncada barracks in Santiago, where Castro's revolution began. even the foothills of the Sierra Maestra, scene of Castro's insurrection. Mikoyan kept murmuring: "The work of the revolution is very good." One day he took time out to call on Ernest Hemingway at his country house outside Havana, presented the writer with a set of his books printed in Russia. In Moscow, Komsomolskaya Pravda reported that Hemingway told Mikovan: "In my long years in Cuba I have not seen a government as honest and incorruptible as the present revolu-

tionary government Concealed from Hostility, Mikovan's flitting was also notable for the fact that he was concealed so carefully from the people he was visiting. Between his first full day in Havana, when he precipitated a riot, and his final day, when he made no appearances in public, Mikoyan's where-abouts were a mystery, Reason; large numbers of Cubans did not hesitate to show anger and disapproval. In movie houses, audiences booed newsreels of him. A meeting of the pro-Castro Havana University Federation of University Students, called to vote censure for anti-Mikoyan demonstrators, adjourned with students shouting: "Out with the Reds!" and "When do we have elections?" Wrote "A Cuban" in the guest book at the Soviet scientific and cultural fair that Mikoyan came to Cuba to open: "Now the Russian exposition is in Cuba; soon Cuba will be in the Russian exposition.

The Castro-admiring magazine Bohemia ran a section titled "What the Soviet Ex-



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TIME, FEBRUARY 22, 1960

39

Ready-to-eat Protein *for breakfast*



Kellogg's Special K with milk is one of the few good protein foods you don't have to cook

These tasty, flaky morsels give you quickstart protein on hurry-up mornings position Does not Show," included in it:
"The powerful military apparatus to oppress the people, the extremely low level of
the popular classes, the crimes of Hungary." The old Auténtico Party, once Cuba's
strongest, sensed an issue; in its first
public declaration of the Castro era, the
party raised what it called "the antiCommunist banner."

Opened to Trade, Unperturbed by these dissents. Castro plunged ahead. Four hours before Mikoyans departure, he and Mikoyan signed a detailed trade treaty. Russia promised Cuba a twelveyar, Stoo million, low-interest (1.5%) credit for "equipment, machinery and materials." contracted to buy 1.000.000 tons of Cuban sugar yearly for the next five years at world market price.

A U.S. embassy statement promptly pointed out that the U.S. buys three times as much of Cuba's sugar at prices x t to x per pt. ha down the world market. Had the Russian schedule. "Cuba would have received approximately 814 on william less for its sales of sugar to the U.S." Moreover, Cuba can spend its U.S. sugar receipts wherever it pleases; it must spend cover, the constraint of the U.S." Moreover, the constraint of the U.S." Moreover, the constraint of the U.S." Moreover, Cuba can spend its U.S. sugar receipts wherever it pleases; it must spend Russian goods, Mikoyan came to Cuba to open a fair; it may turn out that he also opened the Cubans' eyes.

ARGENTINA The Ping in Golfo Nuevo

Unidentified foreign submarines tend to show up in Argentine waters about the same time as naval appropriations bills show up in Congress. Two years ago, the Argentine navy made brief contact with what it said was a sub in desolate Golfo Nuevo, 650 miles southwest of Buenos Aires, and a month later got to buy an aircraft carrier; last year it sighted another elusive submarine, got enough money from Congress to buy planes. Last week, as Navy Secretary Rear Admiral Gaston Clement was doing fiscal battle with economy-minded Economics Minister Alvaro Alsogaray, a submarine-or something-was again roiling the waters of Golfo Nuevo.

Newspapers, including Buenos Aires' Clarin, genially kidded the government about the sub for a while. But as more than 30 planes and a dozen warships flailed Golfo Nuevo to foam with showers of depth charges, as troops in full battle dress moved up to the bleak Patagonian shoreline, as the Puerto Madryn air and naval base at the gulf's head went on a war footing, as U.S. planes rushed emergency equipment to the scene, the skeptics stopped in mid-snicker. Most important of all, President Arturo Frondizi took it seriously, and presumably the navy would not dare to mislead hir Blackout. The intruder was first sight-

blockout. The intruder was irrs signted, at midmorning three weeks ago, by a sonar operator during a training-patrol mission of three destroyers. The sonar's ping indicated a solid object moving slowly 90 ft. below the surface of the 30 mi. by 40 mi. Golfo Nuevo. The sonar target



"CLARIN" JOSHES PRESIDENT FRONDIZI

outsped the attacking destroyers, and out went a call for planes. A few hours later, a Neptune anti-sub plane reported spotting a submarine; ships and planes attacked, but the target disappeared.

The Navy declared Golfo Nuevo a war area, out of bounds to airliners and ships, and blacked out the Puerto Madryn base. It sent intelligence agents on house-tohouse searches ashore, put three destroyers, 18 warplanes, and some helicopters to patrolling the gulf itself, and lined up five warships at the seven-mile entrance, where the depth is only 60 ft. For topother in the Guarati Indian dialect, spoken by Paraguayan naval cadets aboard the Argentine vessels for training.

Five days later, sonar operators made the second hard contact, but an attack only sent the intruder to 420 ft, well beyond the gooft, range of the Argentine depth charges. On the eighth day, radal spotted a sub, or its snorkel, above the surface. The target dived to 540 ft, but the pursuers heard a sound like hammering for the next two days, possibly indicating damage being repaired.

U.S. Help. The Argentine Navy Ministry called in the U.S. Naval attache; he sent his assistant to the seene. Hours after the assistant returned. U.S. Ambassador Willard Beaular was closeted with Presdient Frondial, Next day. Washington announced that it had sold Buenos Aires accept draws, expert hearings; and twe well-loaded Globemasters took off for Argentina.

At week's end, the Argentine navy officially announced that a "second unidentified submarine" had moved into Golfo Nuevo "with the apparent purpose of helping" its trapped and crippled sister.

There was not a scintilla of hard evidence to indicate what a submarine would be doing prowling around the desolate Patagonian coars or to suggest its nationality, except that the U.S. and British Ambassadors promptly disclaimed owner-ship. Sonar can confuse submarines with whales, old wrecks, even undereas prominences. Most of the world still waited for the Argentine navy to produce a real-life submarine. If it does, the reward may be the biggest appropriations yet.

ASSIGNMENT: 10 miles of freeway per day

Just four years ago this June 29 the nation handed our road builders the biggest construction job in history. Build 41,000 miles of superhighway-the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways-in 15 years.

Are they up to it? The answer is their record. To date they are right on schedule. They have hit full stride, completing 10 miles of broad, safe freeway every working day.

These years have seen astonishing results. From a standing start, construction contracts on 10,023 miles had been awarded as 1959 drew to a close. Of this total, contracts on 5,332 miles were completed and contracts on 4.691 miles were under way. This is the impressive record of our nation's road builders.

But the biggest part of the job lies ahead. Tens of thousands of miles are yet to be started on the breath-taking freeway System which will cover every state and connect over 90% of our major cities. It is designed to handle safely and efficiently the 110 million vehicles predicted for 1975.

The confidence the nation showed in its road builders was well placed. The ingenuity and skill of these men . . the ever-increasing work capacity of their swift-moving Caterpillar earthmoving machines ... have faced up to the challenge.

But the job is not theirs alone. If it is to be seen through to completion, it needs your wholehearted support. For they are building to make the

America of the future prosperous and strong. And that's a job for all of us. After all, if we don't do it . . . who will?

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Robert is four months old. When he is 16 years our nation must have . . . tens of thousands of miles of new roads · almost double our present water supply · double our school facilities · 20 million new homes - 20% of our present housing rebuilt - 21/2 times more oil · 60% more lumber and twice as much pulpwood · 55% more metal ores · soil conservation on 1,159,000,000 farm acres · 123,300 new dams and many miles of levees · double our present hospital facilities · triple our electric power.









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PEOPLE

Addressing a church club audience in home-town independence, Mo, Horry S. Trumon explained why most U.S. Senators are cool to the recurrent idea of having ex-Presidents join their ranks (Trans, Feb. 15). Snorted Harry: "The United States Senators—the 96 when I was there, and the 100 now—are all prima domass. I was one of them, and I know what it more all the state of the many in his own state and is used to the limelight there. He would like to have the same consideration in the Senate. They don't seem to want some one of [presidental] stature in the Senate with them."

Algar Hiss, 55, released in 1954 after a 44-month stretch in a federal pen for perjury, is interested in a job more in keeping with his not inconsiderable abilities. In the past two years he worked his way up to a \$5.000-a-years allary as administrative assistant to R. Andrew Shirlar at ladies comb manufacturer. His slicitosed last week that he has quit, but kept mun had qualified praise for him: "An indispensable man," but not quite "a dedicated businessman." Observed Smith vaguely: "Mr. Hiss ought to work for a foundation or a public-service type of thing."

Italy's usually reliable news agency, Continentale, confided to all that Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev (see FOREIGN NEWS) has instructed his loyal Kremlin aides to nominate him for the next Nobel Peace Prize.

Nosing about the Soviet Union, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Henry Cobot Lodge, whose expedition is viewed by some as a qualifying round for the Republican vice-presidential nomination, drank up the sights in the fabled old Uzbekistan



Tourist Longe
Communing with the ages.

city of Samarkand. In his local ramblings, Lodge communed with the ages in the blue-domed ruins of the Bibi-Khanum Mosque, a 34-acre wonder built by Tamerlone in 1399-1404 in memory of his favorite wife (of eight).

The new London play, Night Life of a Virile Potato, was hooted, but its star, tempestuous Actrees Sorah Churchill, 45, who had not trod the West End boards for twelve years, got a good hand. The play sounded as if it had been shaped to-gether in six weeks on a borrowed type-writer (it was jby a would-be actress turned playswright (Gloria Russell, 22) to happens when a gynecologist impregnates his wife and his mistress at roughly the same time. The best notice for Sarah, who



ROBINSON AS DANIEL WEBSTER
Bargaining with the Devil.

played the philanderer's wife, came from the London Daily Express, which found it "good to see her back." The Telegraph summed up the play: "As poor a piece as has reached any London stage for years."

Looking born for the role, aging (66) Actor Edward G. Robinson triumphed over Uff Nick (played by David Wayne) at week's end in Nick-T's' version of Steakers and the Nick-T's version of Steakers and Nick-T's version of the Nick-T's version of Nick

Cozy and quiescent at a movie première in Milan, volcanic Soprano Moria Callos still created a stir by attending the event with dignity-drenched Antonio Ghiringhelli, impresario of Milan's famed La



Soprano Callas & Ghiringhelli Reuniting for the moment.

Scala Opera. It was their first public gettogether since their celebrated explosion at La Scala almost two years ago, when Maria made one of her familiar frothing exits. Now that they seem real friendly again, prophetic Italian music lovers foresee Maria's return to La Scala next season —barring an intervening ruckus, of course.

Rear-running Presidential Possible Adlighter Stevenson winged into Mexico City on the first leg of a two-month Latin American junket that will make him scarce in the U.S. during primary elections in several states. At the U.S. embassy, Stevenson states, at the U.S. embassy, Stevenson of the greatest men in the United States." Then Republican Hill had a droll after-thought: such a warm welcome for Demo-crat Stevenson "might get me in trouble with the Republican National Committee." When the Committee is the Committee of the Comm

After giving a homily-packed lecture sponsored by St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church in Jackson, Mich., Cracker-Barrel Philosopher Harry (For 2¢ Plain) Golden unveiled for a local newshound the "Golden plan to end anti-Semitism in America." Its wry gist: "All we Jews have to do is take a one-shot ad in all the big papers saying that we hereby serve notice that the next time we hear of any anti-Semitism we will all become Christians the next day. Jews, who are mostly middle class, would join what church? Why, the Episcopal Church, of course! But not the low church; we would go into the fancy one, the high church. The prospect of having 5,000,000 Jews joining their church would send Episcopalians into a frenzy. They would organize anti-defamation leagues, and police anti-Semitism for us! Just think of it! We would have all those Episcopalians working for us Jews!"

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TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES ()



EDUCATION

Fine Fellows

Harvard's crusty President (1909-32) Abbott Lawrence Lowell was a Ph.D. who developed an early aversion to the Ph.D. factory system. In a famed plea that scholars should be judged by deeds and not by degrees, he wrote: "We have developed into a mass production of mediocrity." A few years before retiring, Lowell began agitating for a more creative path into teaching ("to entice and fructify imagination"). It turned into Harvard's freewheeling Society of Fellows-a unique experiment in U.S. education.

Each year, at the society's first dinner,

the need of it. Harvard's main hope is that all may permanently enrich one another.

No outside angel shared Lowell's fervent faith in the scheme. "In a kind of desperation," Lowell finally endowed the society out of his own pocket, "although it took nearly all I had." (It took \$1,500,ooo.) Last week the impressive return on Lowell's investment was totted up in a proud report by the society's chairman, History Professor Crane Brinton.

Lowell's Return. Of 155 former Fellows (20 are now at Harvard), 128 have become top scholars at 36 U.S. (and three foreign) colleges and universities. Harvard has the lion's share, with 42 on its faculty

HARVARD'S JUNIOR FELLOWS AT ELIOT HOUSE Something rubs off from one on another.

the chairman rises and solemnly intones: "Your aim will be knowledge and wisdom, not the reflected glamour of fame. You will seek not a near, but a distant, objective, and you will not be satisfied with what you have done. All that you may achieve or discover you will regard as a fragment of a larger pattern."

Scholar's Utopia. In 27 years, 175 gifted graduates of 58 colleges around the world have heard these words before beginning a dream life at Harvard. The society's nine Senior Fellows pick the Junior Fellows because they give rare promise of original work; the idea is to free them of the usual clock-punching requirements of graduate study. Turned loose for three years, the J.F.s can pursue whatever pleases them, from poetry to physics, They need not attend any courses or earn any degrees. At their full disposal are Harvard's libraries and laboratories; they get free room and board, plus \$3,500 a year (tax free) for bachelors, and up to \$5,500 for married men. Extra money can be had for research equipment and travel; they can toddle off to Timbuktu if they feel (including three deans), followed by California with 14. Among past L.F.s (ranging in age from 26 to 55) are two Chevaliers of the French Legion of Honor, six Fellows of the National Academy of Sciences, nine Fellows of the American Physical Society, 23 Fellows of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. They have published more than 180

books, from The Cellular Slime Molds to The American Business Creed, and their interests are as diverse as their origins (from Lone Elm. Kans, to Berlin), They include Younger Poets Donald Hall and John Hollander, Sociologist William Foote Whyte (Street Corner Society), and World Federalist Founder Cord Meyer Jr. The two Pulitzer prizewinners: Poet Richard Wilbur (Poems, 1943-56) and Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. (The Age of Jackson).

Perhaps most notable of all are the scientists: Physicist John Bardeen, who shared a Nobel prize for perfecting the transistor: Astronomer James G. Baker. inventor of a satellite-tracking camera; Chemist R. B. Woodward, synthesizer of quinine and reservine: Physicist Ivan A. Getting, World War II radar pioneer and now a vice president of Raytheon; Physicist James B. Fisk, president of Bell Telephone Laboratories and the West's chief expert on atom-test bans in the Geneva negotiations with the Russians.

Ideal School, Society Chronicler Brinton is quick to concede that the Fellows might have done just as well without going to Harvard, and nobody can be sure if the twice-weekly lunches and once-weekly dinners (preceded by scholarly sherry) in Eliot House have really broadened the minds of already brilliant men. "Frankly, the society does not turn out Renaissance polymaths," says Brinton, "But something rubs off from one Fellow on another. The mixing of many disciplines avoids the free-form excesses of latter-day academic brainstorming, remains a memorable experience to most former Fellows. Says one J.F., now a Defense Department political analyst: "The society as a body would be an ideal school for those who are to serve the country well.

At the same time, it is an ideal school for men who would have no other chance to deal with the furtive gleams of their own minds. There is a breath-taking charm in a system that allows a young mathe-matician like English-born David Mumford, 22, now at Harvard, to pursue this kind of private passion: "At present I am working on ruled surfaces. These offer an accessible but nontrivial example of the pathology of moduli of higher dimensional varieties-a subject whose development is strikingly neglected."

ROTC Under Fire

At 15 major U.S. universities, from New Jersey's Rutgers to the University of Hawaii, students are protesting compulsory membership in the Reserve Officers Training Corps. Pacifist groups sometimes exploit the protest, as they did in the pre-World War II days; but the real complaint is the U.S. Army's archaic training course on campus. While wags deride the jazzy new forest-green uniform ("Robin Hood's Men"), those who wear it resent long hours of playing doughboy with World War I machine guns, Last week dissidents were stirring up many a state university campus, Samples: Michigan State University (enrollment: 19,000) in East Lansing, where the faculty voted 400 to 248 to abolish comtrustees was split, postponed its decisive vote for 60 days.

Arizona State University (10,000) near Phoenix, where four student leaders resigned from a student-faculty committee studying the issue, charged faculty members with "pro-military" bias, Others collected 750 signatures on an anti-ROTC petition, got another 1,500 signatures at Tucson's University of Arizona (11,700). C University of California at Berkeley (20,000), where student leaders set up petition-signing booths, predicted 5,000 signatures by this weekend. Berkeley's movement reached a high point last October when Freshman Frederick Moore



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Never once did you think of the ragged cares of your everyday world that only hours ago blocked your horizon so hugely.

You laughed. You stretched.

You reached out and tried all you could, but never touched the bounds of your new horizon-to-horizon world!

You reveled in the space that was yours to live in. The size of your

ship. The very size of the air around you, ringing with laughter and fun as you've never known it.

And your evening, now, will be filled once again with the rich pleasures of a kingdom that belongs to you, generously shared with those who share your ship.

Soon, soon, your ship will slip into port.

But the beginning of your adventures in Europe will have started here. All to be remembered as one—the going and the being there, the happiest trip of your life—to Europe by ship.

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United States Lines • Zim Lines

Enjoy your trip, go by ship to all Europe
The British Isles... Scandinavia... Mediterranear TIME, FEBRUARY 22, 1960 Jr., pacifist son of an Air Force colonel, went on a 59-hour, anti-ROTC hunger strike, took an "honorary withdrawal"

from the university.

If any big school gives in, the protest

might spread like panty raids. No fewer than 154 U.S. colleges and universities require basic Army ROTC for every ablebodied nonveteran in freshman and sophomore classes. (Another 80 schools have small volunteer units.) Training officers admit that Army's basic ROTC errollment (national total: 127,000 students) might fall to one-fifth of the present level in some schools if compulsion ended.

The Army has a war-tested faith in ROTC, source of 90% of company grade officers commanding troops during the early days of World War II, By putting 5,850 new second lieutenants on active duty this year, ROTC will fill 60% of the Army's need for new officers. But is compulsion necessary? The Navy's volunteer arship scheme that produces fine officers with fewer dropouts. The Air Force is already trying to end the massive "lost motion" of its semi-compulsory ROTC program (TIME, Dec. 28). Some Pentagon experts estimate that half the Army's college units could lose their compulsory status by 1970 without endangering the Army's supply of new officers.

At week's end the Army seemed to be treating idevise. In a press release titled "U.S. Army Aligns with Education," Army Secretary Wilber Brucker announced the end of college classes in machine-gun thy firing and other venerable exercises, turned the time over to normal tacademic subjects. Delense Secretary Thomas S. Gates also seemed pretigation of the company of the requirement exists for compulsory ROTIC. Under the circumstances, many a college may decide to make ROTIC voluntary.

Elementary Particles

In the valentine-decorated first-grade room of Washington Elementary School in Berkeley, Calif., Teacher Jeanne Gibson last week tested her tots on some questions that would stump most pupils long after they learned to read.

"What is force?" she asked.
"Force is acting upon other things in any direction," answered a small boy.

"What happens," asked Teacher, "if two forces are equal?"

"It stays still." shouted two eager boys.

"What if one force is stronger?"
"It goes the way that there's most force," answered a little girl.

These space-age children are taking an experimental science curriculum drawn up by University of California Physicist Robert Karplus, 32, whose specialty is not elementary school teaching but elementary particles, (Sample Karplus research paper: "Spectral Representations in Perturbation Theory—The Vertex Function." A Vienna-born infant prodigy who could multiply four-cigit numbers in his head multiply four-cigit numbers in his head trained (Ph.D., 1048) Karplus got to worving about schools after the became a fa-

ther (three girls, two boys, a sixth child on the way). Listening to teachers talk about the problems of teaching science, he decided that high schools fall down on training good college students because they get ill-prepared prospects out of grade school. Karplus solution: "A compulsory common curriculum in the elementary school."

Intuitive Perception. Backed by the Berkeley public schools, the University of California's education department and a \$40,000 grant from the National Science Foundation, Karplus set out to "isolate a small number of ideas that underlie all natural phenomena," make these understandable to children by "direct intuitive perception." He first tackled the concepts of position and direction, developed a course called "coordinates." He taught teachers to hook their index fingers together and pull. Said he: "That's the being his curriculum's careful exposition of contact, field and frictional forces, teachers and pupils brought wood blocks. rubber bands, magnets, Band-Aid boxes and buttons to class, found them suddenly interesting as demonstrations of physical laws.

First-graders could grasp only qualitative ideas, but Karplus 'second-level curriculum (second, third, fourth grades) introduced numbered quantities through use of such devices as rubber-band scales made in class by the pupils. By the sixth grade, the thickness of the such grades of the such grades of the fluence of orbit size on centrifugal force. "You know," marveled one teacher, "they actually ask you for more homework."

Pure Curiosity. First explorers of Karplus' Coordinates/Force curricula were 572 first-to-sixth-grade pupils in three Bay Area elementary schools. By the time the pupils finished the test course this week to join the experiment. Said Berkeley Superintendent C. H. Wennerberg: "It's a pilot project which speaks to schools across the country," Pushing on Karplus talked a pair of fellow professors, one in biochemistry and the other in physiology, into drafting and testing a similar elementary course in physiology. Main source of pupils' "intuitive perception" in this area: their own bodies. Coming slower is a chemistry professor's promised curriculum on

Karplus' crew was encouraged by reports that other toplight scientists, notably at Stanford, the University of Illinois and Yale, are turning their talents to science education in other elementary schools, children show a purer form of scientific curiosity before they become self-conscious teen-agers filled with imprecise words and a fear of numbers. "They are young adults in high school," says Karplus, 'But younger children will born their hands in Put youngteen will be the school of the school of the to see what happens."

* "To every action there is always opposed an equal reaction: or, the mutual actions of two bodies upon each other are always equal, and directed to contrary parts."

RELIGION

The Silent Voice

The pale, thin man who lay dying last week behind a police guard in his native village of Krasic had never worn his cardinal's red robe. But no living prince of the Roman Catholic Church had a better right to it than Alojaje Cardinal Stepinac, 61, Roman Catholic Primate of Yugoslavia.

For years, he was a silent but unforgotten symbol of the war between Communism and Christianity, but he did not come quickly to his calling. The seventh of eleven children born to a farm family. he served in the Austro-Hungarian army in World War I, was twice decorated for valor before being captured by the Italians. After the Armistice, he studied agriculture and economics, planning to take over the family farm, but in 1924 he decided on the priesthood and went to study in Rome. He was ordained a priest in 1930. Only four years later he was one of three candidates for an archbishopric submitted by Pope Pius XI to King Alexander of Yugoslavia. The King passed over the two other distinguished clergymen to make Stepinac, 36, the youngest archbishop in the church. Three years later, he was Archbishop of Zagreb, spiritual leader of the predominantly Catholic Croats.

Morthy Complex? In 1941, after the Germans took over Yugolavia, they established a puppet state of Croatia, over which they put fanatic Nationalist Dr. Ante Pavelic. Archbishop Stepinac announced the founding of the new state from the cathedral and served on its councils, thereby earning the enmity of the Orthodox minority who were perscued by Pavelic. Stepinac, however, opcued by Tavelic. Stepinac, however, opcued by Tavelic. Stepinac, however, or refused to accept its foreible converted Catholicism, sheltered fugitive less.

When Tio came to power, Archishop Stepinac denounced his antichurch materialism and his political tyranny, drew a rl-rday jail sentence in 1945. Curious about such a stubborn prelate. Tio about out a further than the such a stubborn prelate. The showdown with this sallow, unsmilling man. "I do not want steps taken against Stepinac," he is reported to have said afterward. "He has a marry complex." But the outspoken a marry complex." But the outspoken a hero; people began to kneel as he passed on his daily walls through Zagra.

Tito struck then, and the world was shocked by the cynical mockery of Stepinac's twelve-day trial for collaboration with the Nazi puppet regime during the war. The sentence: 16 years at hard labor.

Too Mony Reds. Tito took good care of his prisoner. In grim Lepoglava Prison, Stepinac occupied a cell with an adjoining chapel, got good food and all the books he wanted. Unlike Hungary's Cardinal Mindszenty. Archbishop Stepinac issued no pronouncements against the regime. He sat silent, and in the free world his silence sounded as a cry of reproach.

Tito would gladly have been rid of him. Through a U.S. newspaperman he offered him his freedom if he would agree newer again to practice his priesthood in Yugo-slavia, Replied Stepinac bluntly: "I am thoughts of my liberation, I know why I suffer. It is for the rights of the Catholic Church. I am ready to die each day for the church. The Catholic Church are considered in the characteristic of the church in the church in the church in the characteristic of the church in the church in the church in the characteristic of the church in the church in the church in the characteristic of the church in the church in the church in the characteristic of the church in the church in the church in the characteristic of the church in the church in

In 1951, when the archbishop's health began to fail, Tito released him from jail but confined him to the village of Krasic



CARDINAL STEPINAC
Ready to die each day.

(pop. 450) where he was born. He was allowed to say Mass without a congregation in the local church. Pope I ius XII made him a cardinal in 1953—and Stepinac refused to go to Rome for his red hat because he was certain that he would never get back into the country. Said he; "My place is with my people."

In 1953 the cardinal developed a rare blood disease, polycythemia, characterized by too rapid multiplication of red corpuscles. This prompted one of his rare jokes; "I am suffering from an excess of reds." Last week Stepinac grew worse, developed congested lungs, died of a pulmonary embolism.

Beneath the Altor. Pope John hastened to honor the first cardinal-marry or "the silent church" with a Solemn Requiem Mass in St. Peter5—a cremony usually reserved for cardinals who have died in Rome. And once again Tito backed down before the silent witness of Cardinal Stephace. On the ground that Sephace had been compared to the silent witness of Cardinal Stephace. Crept the ground that Sephace had always denied that the state had any authority to do so—Tito first decreed that the cardinal's functional country of the state had seen and the state had seen place only in the little market of the state had seen place only in the little market of the state had seen place only in the little market of the state had seen place only in the little market of the state had seen place only in the little seen the state had seen place only in the little seen the state had seen place only in the little seen the seen seen the seen that the state had seen the seen that the seen that the state had seen the seen that the seen t

church at Krasic. But late last week, in tacit recognition of Stepinac's true status, he gave permission for a funeral with full honors in Zagreb Cathedral and burial beneath the high altar.

Blood of the Lamb

The blood that was shed in the Temple Baptist Church spread in a widening stain through Lebanon, Tenn. last week; nobody seemed able to talk about anything else except the Rev. Randy Pike's "special service."

Henry Randall Pike, 28, helped found the Temple Baptist Church in Lebanon (pop. 9,000) two years ago, and built it up to an average Sunday attendance of about 140. When Baptist Pike hit on the idea of his "special service," he enlisted some men from his congregation to build a cross about five feet high and to buy a newborn lamb. His sermon was called "Watching Christ Die," and its text was Matthew 27:36 ("And sitting down they watched him there"). After he had finished preaching that night, the lamb was brought in and wired to the cross. Then the lights were turned out, a man of the congregation slit the lamb's throat, and the lights were turned on again. About 40 people came forward "to rededicate themselves and to confess Christ.'

Almost everybody in his congregation thought it was a wonderful experience, says Baptiss Pike. "I felt just like I was at the Cruciixion." said Chiken Farmer James Jackson, 32. But others wanted to call in the A.S.P.C.A. and some threatened Pike with physical violence. Said the Rev. Othar O. Smith of Lebanon's First Baptist Church: "Repulsive' would be a very descriptive word for it."

Last week Piles struck back in an open letter to the Lebanon Democrat: "The little lamb some are so upset about certainly served a better purpose of dying on that cross than by being shipped to the staughterhouse and there made into lamb chops for somebody's oven If some of the popel who are so zealous to avenge that lamb were concerned over their own lives, and sin, and soul, and the Bible truth that you are at Temple Baptise truth that you are at Temple Baptise truth that you are at Temple Baptise are great revival in this city . . . We shall have another special service Sunday night, Feb. 28, at 7; 20, Dun't mis 1;; "

Halacha & Science

The Jewish religion is primarily a guide to action. Halacha, which literally means "the proper way" and is an all-embracing term for the Torah, plus 2,000 years of legal rabbinical commentaries on it, covers every conceivable detail of daily life, from what constitutes a fair interest rate to how grain that falls into gopher holes during harvest time should be left for the poor. At Manhattan's Orthodox Yeshiya University, 150 rabbinic alumni listened to a lecture on halacha and science by Yeshiva's Dr. Moses D. Tendler, a 33year-old rabbi and biologist. The lecture was a good example of how halacha changes with the times. I Jewish law forbids man to kill on the

Sabbath—even a flea or a worm. But an

Railroads are looking up down under in Australia



In Australia, the government recognizes that railroads are the keystone of the nation's transportation system.

So encouragement of the railroads is official policy — and everyone benefits.

In ten years, freight tonnage on Australian railroads went up 22%, employment went up 8% and gross revenue 146%.

In the United States, by contrast, public policies tend to reflect indifference toward the railroads, while they encourage the railroads' competition.

Railroads are burdened with overregulation and excessive taxation while their competition uses highways, waterways and airways built and maintained by the government.

The railroads ask no special favors, All they ask is the equality of treatment and opportunity fundamental to the American concept of free enterprise. Granted this, the public would then be assured of the efficient, low-cost rail service which a dynamic economy and national defense demand.

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exception is made in the case of head lic and maggots. Why? Because, say the ar cient commentaries, these are not rea creatures in the line of life but the resul of spontaneous generation-the louse from man's sweat and the maggot from decay ing meat. Modern science, however, doe not accept spontaneous generation; hence there must be some other reason for th law's distinction. Rabbi Tendler's answer the dividing line is between the organism which exists on living matter (the worr on vegetable material, the flea on blood and that which lives on dead and decaying matter (the maggot on rotting flesh, th head louse on dead flakes of skin).

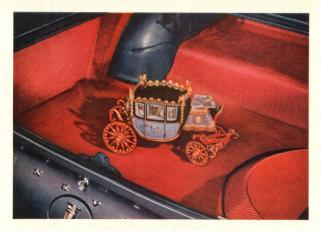
g Jewish dietary law forbids man to ea bees. But the Old Testament demon strates over and over that eating honey i permissible, and this is surprising because generally the product of any nonkook permissible, and this is surprising because generally the product of any nonkook for honey? Traditional beloch explain this on the ground that the honey never enters the system of the bee but merely rests in the nectar sar, where it become honey. Science now knows that the beseveres an eagine this changes the mean enzyme from a nonkosher animal (such as

enzyme from a nonkosher animal (such a a bee) is forbidden to Jews; enzyme used in the making of kosher cheese, for instance, must come from kosher animals Question to be resolved: if a nonkosher enzyme is permissible in honey, shoult it not also be permissible in cheese?

The law is generally understood by Orthodox rabbis as forbidding contraceptive devices, on the ground that users commit the sin of Onan, who "spilled [his seed] on the ground." But how about oral contraceptives in pill form? Rabbi Tendler's answer: oral contraceptives are permissible. But the effect of some of the pills now used (in experiments in Puerto Rico. for instance) is to reduce the hormone level in a woman, which in turn may result in constant minor bleeding from the uterus. The law forbids sexual intercourse with a woman who is nidah (menstruous): therefore intercourse would be wrong in the case of a woman who had taken an oral contraceptive.

The application of Jewish law in outer space was recently considered by chaplains, theologians and scientists at the Haifa Officers Club on Israel's Mt. Carmel. In two conferences, reports the Jewish Digest, these were some of the questions discussed:

us jison the moon, given an entirely different calendar, how will Jewish astronauts be able to tell the eve of holidays' 2) How will they perform the monthly sanctification of the New Moon, being themselves on the moon? 3) What color will they dye the ends of their prayer shawls—blue on earth, to denote the color of the sky—when the lunar sky is black? Answers: Jews on the moon (or anywhere) are earthlings, must act according to terrestrial time and custom, cording to terrestrial time and custom, the control of the color of the color of the color of the black of the color of

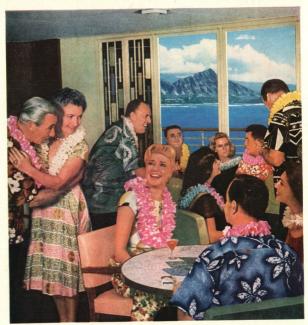


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THE PRESS

Bounced by Boycott

Into the composing room of Barcelona's La Vanquardia Española rushed plump Publisher Luis de Galinsoga, ordering compositors to restore his name to the paper's masthead. The compositors refused. "Do as I say," cried Galinsoga. "I'm still director of La Vanquardia." Replied the chief compositor: "Not any more you aren't."

Thus, last week, Franco-appointed Luis de Galinsoga learned that he had been fired as boss of Spain's leading newspaper. It had taken a decision of the Franco Cabinet to oust Galinsoga. That decision came almost eight months after Galician Galinsoga, an old Franco friend, had shouted insulting remarks about proud Catalonia after hearing Catalan spoken in a Barcelona Catholic Church sermon. In reprisal, Catalans had boycotted La Vanguardia, cutting its circulation by some 20% and causing advertising losses that reduced the paper's size from an average 55 pages to 28. What most worried the Franco Cabinet was that the Catalan boycott, in addition to being anti-Galinsoga, was becoming increasingly antigovernment. Within the week after Galinsoga got fired, La Vanguardia was four pages fatter and plainly on the mend

"This Is Vicious"

How deeply, and for what cause, should the press dig into a man's past? In a free press there can be no hard and fast answer to such a question. But last week there seemed to be a clear case of a great newspaper having gone too far, and for the wrong reasons.

FRANK I. PRINCE. MAIN UNIVERSAL MATCH OWNER, IS EX-CONVICT, trumpeted a St. Louis Post-Dispatch headline over a long story carrying the byline of tough, tireless Reporter Ted Link. The story told how Frank Prince, 71, principal stockholder in St. Louis' Universal Match Corp, and a complex of subsidiary firms, had, between 1908 and 1925, served three prison terms, totaling nearly ten years, for forgery, grand larceny, and issuing fraudulent checks. Two days later the P-D. in its ice-cold charity, followed up with another Prince piece, repeating the same facts and adding a few of even less apparent import, e.g., one Prince company makes a currency-changing machine capable of being used at race tracks.

The Post-Dispatch stories were factually accurate. Frank Prince did have a prison record. That record was known to many if not all of his friends and business of the post of

Return for a Gift. But were the Post-Dispatch stories relevant as news? By the paper's own accounting, Frank Prince had stayed in the clear for the last 35 years. The manner in which the stories came about added even graver doubts as to their moral merit. Last fall Prince gave \$600,000 to St. Louis' Washington University. Although he attached no strings to the gift, the university planned to name a building after him. It was while gathering biographical material on Philanthropist Prince that the crime-hunting Post-Dispatch came across the facts of this distant past—and decided to print

Reaction to the Prince stories came swiftly. Universal Match market shares fell 153 points by week's end. Frank



Post-Dispatch's Crowley
Stories that spoke for themselves.

Prince was, understandably, personally distressed. "I have never asked anyone not to publish anything about me." he said. "But this is a vicious thing." Richard Amberg, publisher of the rival St. Dispatch of "the dirtiest Goddanned piece of journalism I've ever seen in my life." At Washington University, Chancellor Ethan A. H. Shepley calmly acknowledged that he knew all about Prince's record, Just as calmly said that in the said of the prince meant to mean building after Prince.

Letters of Protest. At week's end the Post-Dispatch, under the heading, "Dissent to a Story," printed several letters of protest. Example: "If Mr. Prince has paid his 'debt to society,' why then hold up his past to public opprobrium?" But beyond that, the paper was unmoved, "I really don't want to discuss the story; said Editor Joseph Publicer Jr. Said Managing the story of the stories simply speak for themselves," Indeed they did—but not so much about Frank Prince as about the Post-Dispatch.

Showdown in Portland

ion teams, exhorting tenants to cancel their subscriptions to Portland's two daily newspapers, the morning Oregonian and the evening Oregon Journal. As a substitute, subscribers had the offer of a new weekly tabloid published by the Portland Interunion Newspaper Committee in a desperate attempt to win a strike that was already three months old. During those three months, the dispute had become a finish fight, eyed closely by printing-craft union men and newspaper publishers all over the U.S. At stake: the capability of newspapers, using modern equipment, to get along with fewer of the skilled hands of the powerful, featherbed-prone printing-craft unions.

From house to house in Portland moved

Weekly Improvement. The strike began last November when 54 Oregonian and Journal stereotypers walked off their jobs in protest against the Oregonian's plans to buy a highly automated German platecasting machine. When other printing craftsmen followed, Oregonian and Journal brass joined forces, moved into the Oregonian's mechanical department, began putting out a pied, but still readable, combined edition of the Oregonian-Oregon Journal (Time, Nov. 23). A call for mechanical help went out to nonunion papers throughout the U.S., and the jointly published paper soon was limping along with 72 experienced hands recruited from as far away as Florida. As the months wore on, the imported work force was gradually replaced by 350 unskilled workmen hired locally and trained on the job.

Management's showdown effort was costly. Before the strike, the morning Oregonian had a daily circulation of 242,035, the p.m. Journal, 188,677. Oregonian Publisher Michael J. Frey estimates that total circulation has dropped 70,000; the Portland Newspaper Guild's President Robert L. Shults has set the loss at 160,000.

Half Pre-Strike Size. But the unions were even harder shaken. When the pressmen, among the last of eleven unions to go out, joined the stereotypers, the papers fired them; the National Labor Relations Board upheld the dismissal. And violence broke out as the papers appeared to be proving their point: that modern, automatic print-shop machinery can run on unskilled labor with far fewer hands than union featherbedding clauses demand. In January, ten newsprint delivery trucks were dynamited; last week five persons were indicted in connection with the bombings, including a member of the stereotypers' negotiating board.

Neither side shows any inclination to settle. The papers, getting along with a mechanical staff less than half the prestrike size, have set March or April as tarserities and the state of the state of the printed and the state of the state of the printed and the state of the state of the strike we cannot afford to lose," says a representative of the international stereotypers union. In fact, if the unions do published the state of the state of the state of published published to the nation,

"There's a way to do it better ...find it"*





Edison spent much time aboard early submarines—both studying their need for new equipment . . . and learning how they operated in order

to devise gear for detecting them. Such firsthand scrutiny of all phases of a problem is also typical of McGraw-Edison. Such thoroughness is evident in the better ways to better living shown on these pages.

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FOR THE HOME—Alpine, Activic Circle, Buss, Continental, Condentor, Crestline, Edison, Biskino, Fostoria, Imperial, Manning-Bowman, Permaline, Powerhouse, Sparian, Speed Oueen, Toatsmatter, Travellaire, Tropicalire and Zero Products: Fans Martine, Seas and Dy Ionatoria. Seas and Dy Ionatoria Seas and Dy Ionatoria Seas and Dy Ionatoria. For the Product of the Condent of the Product of the Condent of the Product of the Produc



next nuclear submarine for underwater missile launching will be christened U.S.S. Thomas A. Edison. It is an appropriate name. Many items of submarine equipment are outgrowths of Edison inventions. Many others, from fuses to nuclear power plant instruments, are McGraw-Edison products.



FOUND: a way to keep mechanical brains cobweb-free. Should a computer develop a faulty circuit, it might go on cranking out wrong answers at top speed. One solution: circuits fused so the whole machine shuts down at any hidden trouble. Bussmann Division's new "Buss HKA" fuseholder masterminds this complex job for all types of control panels and switchboards, marks the faulty circuit with a light, then sounds an alarm buzzer.

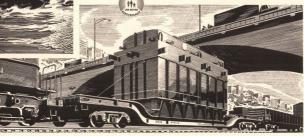




testing. Nearly one in every 10 McGraw-Edison employees is attached to the Thomas A. Edison Laboratories. In addition to research, the labs run grueling proving tests. To check distributing equipment, a new short-circuit laboratory-the world's largest-tests products with overloads ranging up to 150,000



steel. When a jetliner lands, 180,000 pounds settle onto the runway at close to 140 mph! Builders need tough, fatigueresisting alloys for landing gears. To produce them, Lectromelt Division's vacuum arc furnace provides sounder ingots made of gas-free, low-alloy steel with 30% greater fatigue strength than that previously used.



FOUND: a better way to service a city. A transformer's size can be limited by the capacity of the carrier that delivers it. Pennsylvania Transformer Division faced such restrictions designing a 315,000-kva unit. The re-

sulting transformer-the largest built by Pennsylvania -was compact enough to ride a low-bed flatcar. It steps up energy passing through it to 230,000 volts, can handle lighting for half a million people.

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MEDICINE

What's Good for a Cold?

All around the Northern Hemisphere this week, with winter's assult of colds and influenza near its seasonal peak, millions of smilling, abacking cutomers went to the corner drugstore to shop for what they hoped would be a cure, or at least a palliative, for their suffering. Whether they called their complaint a cold or catarrh, die Grippe* or thu, the answer was about the property of the control of the contr



BIELEFELD'S DR. MÜLLER Sniffles may be helpful.

and unimpeded recovery from the original viral infection before a secondary bacterial infection can cause complications. (Best known and gravest; pneumonia.)

Despite the fact that people swallow an infinite variety of pills, tablets, capsules and syrups, medical scientists are still far from agreed as to which of them are best -or even whether any treatment for uncomplicated viral infections is desirable. A runny nose is an uncomfortable and socially embarrassing symptom, but the increased fluid secretion by the nasal mucosa is, some experts believe, one of the body's defenses against viral invasion, Drying up the mucosa (usually with antihistamines), they say, may simply pro-long the battle. The fever that results from many virus infections is also widely regarded as a major defense mechanism, might best be allowed to run its course.

Noture Does Its Best. No physician has yet had a good word to say for the headache and muscle pains of grippe or a In France, la grippe originally meant only indusenza: Germany's die Grippe covers various fullike illnesses; in the U.S., "grippe" is often used for infections intermediate in severity between the common cold and flu.

flu, so mild, painkilling drugs win ready approval. Trouble is that the commonest of these are aspirin and related salicylates—and these also drop the body temperature. Therefore even they may do harm as well as good.

The traditionally most potent fever fighter has been quinine. Thanks to its long and distinguished history as the only effective weapon against the recurrent fevers of malaria, quinine is still highly regarded in Europe and among many older Americans (especially in the recently malarial South) for treating fevers. Last week, in Munich's Medizinische Wochenschrift, Dr. Wolfgang-Dietrich Müller damned quinine with the results of a study on thousands of patients in Bielefeld. Among those who took quinine pills at the first sniffle. Asian flu was five to ten times as common as among those who let nature do its best. Quinine, he suggested, may actually be harmful by blocking the body's defense reactions. (In any case, quinine's effect in malaria is against the parasites themselves, so it is ineffective against fevers from other causes.)

Aspirin & Sophistication. In the U.S. such old favorites as Hill's Cascara Ouinine (Whitehall Pharmacal Co.) and Bromo Ouinine (Grove Laboratories, Inc.) retain a faithful but shrinking following. They have been crowded to the side of druggists' counters by supposedly more sophisticated products of the antibiotic, antihistamine age. A current favorite is Coricidin (Schering Corp.), combining APC with a small enough dose of the antihistamine Chlor-Trimeton to be sold without prescription. If the customer does not know what he wants, many druggists recommend this. Competitive runners-up: Dristan (Whitehall) and Super-Anahist (Anahist Research Laboratories). Ascorbic acid (vitamin C) has become popular, though its value is largely unproved.

Customers often ask for antibiotics. Instead of explaining that no antibiotic does any good against virus infections, druggists usually tell them they need a prescription. (Virtually the only antibiotic preparations not on prescription are tablets containing small amounts, for sore throats.) They then generally recommend aspirin in one of the proprietary version, and they are the proposed of the proprietary version. In up. Though the medical benefits of sapirin are not easily measured, most doctors agree that it does some good, somehow.

The Price of Health

U.S. families spend an average of about \$500 a year on health care, and total outlays have increased sharply in recent years. The Health Information Foundation reported this week that analysis of a penditure at \$50,4 a 42% increase in five years. Physicians' services made up 34% of health-care costs; hospitals, 25%; drugs and medications, 20%; dental services, 15%; inscellances (speciales, oth-case).

er appliances and special nursing), 8%. Some, but surprisingly little, of the \$87

increase since 1952 has been due to rising costs (mainly for hospital services, up 34%). Most of the boost is due, said the foundation, to the fact that many families are using more—and more expensive—medical services.

X Rays to the Heart

For patients whose hearts have been damaged by a butdown in a coronary artery, a Manhattan surgeon last week reported "encouraging progress" with a new and bloodless method of increasing the circulation. Dr. Ivan D. Baronofsky, chief surgeon at Mount Simal Hospital, told the New York Heart Association that his technique involves use of X rays to provide enlargement or multiplication of



Manhattan's Dr. Baronofsky Irritation may be good.

small, subsidiary arteries in the heart wall so that they will carry more blood,

Although about a million Americans annually have a first heart attack, which they survive with varying degrees of disability. doctors so far have been baffled in efforts to find a safe and generally applicable way of helping the body to repair the damage. Italian surgeons pioneered with rerouting one or two small arteries from the upper chest to the heart wall. The operation is relatively minor and safe, but most U.S. cardiologists doubt that it does much good, if any, Cleveland's Dr. Claude S. Beck (TIME, March 25, 1957) and Manhattan's Dr. Samuel Thompson (TIME, Nov. 13, 1950) relied on a different principle. If tissues in and around the heart are irritated, they develop an increased blood supply. So these surgeons opened the heart sac and supplied an irritant by dusting with talc or asbestos. Good results have been reported, but the procedure is a major operation, for which many heart patients are too weak.

Focused Beam. Dr. Baronofsky, 42, figured out a way of using irritation, but without the knife. X rays, in properly adjusted doses, cause transient irritation



WHEREVER MEN AND MARTINIS ARE EXTRA DRY... It's plain horse sense to mix with Smirnoff "olds is the drief by Martini! For smooth, flawless Smirnoff Volks is the drief of all fligures. And—just a you might expect—it makes the world's sublest, drief Martini coloration. Next time you do the mixing, try using Smirnoff instead of gin, Your first sip will tell you why this Martini changed the drinking habits of America!

it leaves you breathless







JAGUAR

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owner the ultimate in comfort and safety. Among the distinguished features:

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· Easier driving as front seats are adjustable to your convenience. · Greater comfort with high output

heater-defrosting system. Has separate duct to rear compartment. · Built-in flush-fitting occasional tables

which open into rear compartment.

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JAGUAR CARS INC.

without doing actual damage. Tests with hundreds of dogs showed that survival rates jumped fourfold or better after an artificially simulated heart attack, if the animals were irradiated. Then some were killed, and dissection of their hearts showed that small artery branches had multiplied.

Dr. Baronofsky selected patients who were in no shape to withstand surgery. Working with Surgeon Elliot Senderoff and Radiologist John Boland, he focused an X-ray beam through the chest walls onto the heart muscle itself, in three or more treatments over a two-week period. By now the group has treated 28 patients and seen no ill effects, but encouraging signs that in the human subjects, as in the dogs, small coronary branches have increased and carried a bigger load.

Excluded Placebo. Caution personified, Dr. Baronofsky would make no precise claims for benefit to these patients because none has been observed for longer than a year. It is important, he noted, to rule out the "placebo effect"-many heart patients feel better if they only think that something has been done. Dr. Baronofsky has devised a method, which he would not disclose, to get around this difficulty. He is also comparing irradiated patients with others who have had heart surgery.

How many heart attack victims may be benefited if the radiation technique fulfills its inventors' hopes cannot vet be guessed. Most important is the fact that if it works, it can be done without anesthesia, and by any experienced radiologist in his office.

Help from Help Wanted

MEN-WOMEN. Factory positions open for those who have experi-enced mental or emotional illness. Good starting salary. No experience necessary. Scientific evaluations to assist in proper placement.

Within 51 hours after the Oakland (Calif.) Tribune hit the stands with this musual classified ad, it drew 31 replies. Many a former mental patient clipped the ad and answered it later, and there was a total of 110 replies. Industrial Psychiatrist W. Ray Poindexter Jr. found, after a 21hour screening session for each applicant, that he could recommend more than half for jobs either in the factory or at home. This week eight women and one man so selected were at work on the Berkeley assembly line of B & K Enterprises, making toys, while eight women and three men were doing similar assembly work at home.

High Caliber, Finding a job after a stint in a mental hospital is so tough that many patients, discharged as recovered, become despondent and wind up in the hospital again. Dr. Poindexter wanted to do something about this. So did Warrington Stokes, executive director of the Alameda County Mental Health Association, and Stanley J. Radford, 38, a salesman who had spent six months in a VA hospital after a breakdown, It was Radford who noticed that two University of California students were building up a toy-manufac-32 E. 57th ST., NEW YORK 22, N. Y. turing business, sold them the idea of re-



WORKERS & FOREMAN AT B & K FACTORY Now they don't have to lie.

cruiting their work force from former mental patients, and got them together with Poindexter and Stokes.

Bob Baron, 23, a chemical engineering major (he has since quit school to give full time to the business), and Ray Kecheley, 22, majoring in business administration, were won over by Dr. Poindexter's offer to screen applicants without a fee. Even the scheme's sponsors were surprised by the applicants' qualifications: fully half had some college education, and about 20% had college degrees. In their case histories could be found the whole gamut of emotional illnesses. Some were still on active follow-up treatment; others were taking only tranquilizers. Some were rated as fully rehabilitated-except for inability to get work. Average time out of a job since leaving hospital was 3½ years.

Incentive for Work. Said one of the

first women hired, a former research assistant in a highly specialized field: "Assembling toys isn't intellectually stimulating, but the project is stimulating, and this gives me an incentive for work. It's a sort of therapy, too, to be able to talk freely to the others here and know they'll understand. But most important is the fact that you can get the job honestly. You don't have to lie on the application. In most places, if you answer truthfully you just don't get the job." Said another, a victim of anxiety neurosis: "Here I feel that if I did have an anxiety attack, they'd understand. So I don't have one.

But the B & K bosses say they are not running a rehabilitation center. Any worker who fails to perform adequately, they insist, will be fired, So far, none has been, and indications are that B & K's labor turnover will be below average.

ART

Land of the Bear

Twelve hundred miles north of the U.S. border, in a land of frozen inlets and howling winds, above the upper reaches of Hudson Bay, is Cape Dorset. Only a cluster of frame houses, snow huts and translucent plastic igloso on the barren southern coast of Baffin Island, it is the trading station for some 30 Eskims living in action from 200 Eskims living in along the listend's frozen coast. It is also the center of the best folk art this side of Africa. Afready famed as the most skilled of the Eskims oculptors, the Cape Dorset of the Eskims oculptors, the Cape Dorset

people have recently taken up a new art form: prints. Next week the first exhibition of their new work will go on display in Montreal's Museum of Fine Arts.

Memoids & Omens. Cape Dorset is one of the oldest settlements in North America: Eskimos were living there nearly 3,000 years ago. Still untouched by mining, large-scale commerce and defense installations, the Cape Dorset people retain a fierce pride in themselves as Eskimos, have kept their art uncontaminated by the white man's sophistication.

Eskimos take creativity for granted and find it hard to fathom why anyone would

has made. In a land where a man can be killed by a glass of water thrown in his face (if freezes in flight), and where the main supply of food comes from the hust, the Eskimo has developed an uncamy stranger on sight, often fools seals by flapping his arms like flippers until he is near enough to throw a harpoon. In his art, he can catch the look of the injured bear, the tension of the hunter standing over a seal hole, the heft and hunch of a self's body resting on an ice flore.

want to collect something another person

For the Eddimos, the barren snowledds are alive with spirts, and their art prints are full of the mythological as well as the real (chief of the mystic artists is old [72], nearly blind Tudlik, the wise man of the Cape Dorset people). The jet-black raven circling overhead is an evil omen; the sea is the home of the mischievous mermaid-like sea goddess Talluliyuk, who homes the seal away from the homer. And the Eddimos know that the lights come from the dead playing with seal skulls.

From the dead pulsing with seal sedim.

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"MAN HUNTING AT SEAL HOLE IN ICE." BY NIVIAKSIAK



had built carving into a business that grosses \$1,50,000 each year, he looked for another art form into which to guide Canada's Eskimos. He remembered sening incised drawings some Eskimos had done in soapstone, and decided they could become printmakers.

A year ago, Houston flew to Japan to learn the technique of printmaking, came back and taught it to the eager Cape Dorset artisans. But the Eskimo print method is still very much his own. He chips the face of the stone flat, then painstakingly files it smooth. Next he polishes the surface by rubbing it with seal oil. Then, brow creased, the Eskimo feels the stone, lets its texture and shape tell him what design is in it. As he works, he depends more on feel than sight to guide him, because the seal lamps make an igloo's interior too smoky to see clearly. The temperature in the igloo is at best just above freezing, but he works with his bare hands.

A Small Thing, Even with his new fame, no Edsimo considers his at as serious work. It is just something to do when the weather keeps him from hunting, to the weather keeps him from hunting, great for the word for a carving is simulation, and the source of the word for a carving is simulation hund. This humility results in the softest hand). This humility results in the softest hand). This humility results in the softest hand). This humility results in the softest will be soften the soften hundred for days to reach Cape Dorset will tell Houston: "It brought a block for which we have the soften hundred for the soft



"BIRD DREAM FOREWARNING BLIZZARD," BY TUDLIK





tell me by telegram!

WESTERN UNION



GLOBE ELECTRONICS (DY OF YEXTRON BLECTRONGS PG.	drawn into the modern world Eskimos have fared so poorly. ton: "Their art is the one the preserve their pride in their Es
se Send Complete Information on the v Citizen's Broadcaster 2-Way Radio,	they will be saved from hop
	in the face of the onslaugh mighty kadluna [white man]

ESKIMO PRINTMAKER HOUSTON
By feel, and the light of a seal lamp.

a print along. It's no good, of course, I'm ashamed of it, As a matter of fact, I think it fell off the sled." While he is protesting, his wife will go out, dig the block out from under some skins at the bottom of the sled.

No artists live a more hazardous life. In the last year, two of Cape Dorset's twelve printmakers have met death on the ice fields. One of the deaths has given the new art form its first legend. Niviaksiak, 39, was already a famous carrer when he took up prints. Of all the subjects he better than the control of the control of the prints of the control of the control of the prints of the control of the control of the of his life, he pondered deeply on the soul of the great, inscrutable polar bear.

The Bear Hunt, Three months ago Nivalsaisk and a young companion were tracking a bear. After several hours they finally caught sight of him. As they crept closer, the bear, instead of running, turned and gazed squarely at them. Nivalsaisk moved in, raised his ritle to fire, then faltered and shrieked: "It's dark. I'm falling!" Without firing, he collapsed on the show died within minutes.

The next day, when Niviaksiak's companion and others returned to bury him, they found his body unmauled; the bear had not even come near him. Among Cape Dorset people there was only one explanation: Niviaksiak's art had probed too near, had offended the spirit of the great polar bear.

Today half of Cape Dorset's income derives from the sale of art works. This is just the way Jim Houston intended it. Not even Cape Dorset will remain insooner or later it will be where other Says Housng that can kimo identiins true and tside world. eless anathy of the al-After they learn to cope with their new world, their art may die. All I ask is that it will then have served its purpose."

MISCELLANY

Crusty. Near Olive Branch, Miss., hanging helplessly from the top of an oak tree after parachuting out of a disabled Air Force plane, Airman Third Class Maxwell S. Prothro pleaded with a staring farm wife to bring rescuers, was told: "Tm busy. Tm cooking bread."

Clip Joint. In Florence, Italy, tired of finding hairs in his soup, Pasquale Martoni sheared his wife's flowing tresses to scalp level, protested when haled to court for assault: "It was only a matter of hygiene."

Decline & Foll. In Upton, Dorset County, England, dismayed by the shoddy condition of one of the town's roads, D. K. Coleman fired off a letter to Italy, asked the Romans to come back to Britain and repair the road they built 1,660 years ago.

In for a Roasting. In Detroit, Joseph J. Vranesich held up a grocery store, was informed by the clerk that the meat store next door had more money, thanked the clerk and went next door where police arrested him.

Countdown. In Los Angeles, Patricia Carpenter won a divorce from Husband Richard after discovering that she was his seventh wife, not his second as he had claimed.

Pouse That Refreshes. In Cincinnati, among their new contract demands, members of Local & of the Iron Workers Union asked for an extra hour's pay to cover the time it takes to cash their paychecks.

Fur Flies. In Boulder, Colo., when an annulment was granted to Margaret and Kenneth Mundt, the court gave the family's 16 cats to Kenneth, but Margaret was ordered to pay \$25 a month toward, their support.

Out of the Con. In St. Petersburg, Fla., caught by police after trying to escape from the state road prison camp. Prison Cook Fred Mayo told the judge: "I didn't like the food."

Unhinged. In Gothenburg, Sweden, during an exhibition of gadgets called "Stop the Thief," someone made off with five thiefproof locks.

Quick Bite. In Phoenix, Ariz., while practicing a quick draw with his pistol during lunch hour, Warehouseman Richard Sullins shot himself in the leg.

Top Reference. In Sapporo, Japan, after stealing \$8.33 in a third-story burgary, Naokichi Kirifu was so paralyzed by fear of height that he yelled to passersby: "Tm a thief, but I can't come down. Please call the police."



DC-8 THE LOOK OF TOMORROW IN JET TRAVEL

There will be other fine new jets in the next decade, but none will take the place of the DC-8 jet as far as you, the passenger, are concerned. The DC-8 is a product of United Air Lines' extra care in serving passenger needs and Douglas Aircraft Company's design and manufacturing skill. The result is the best of the jets—the roomiest, quietest, most comfortable plane in the air. See for yourself—soon. For reservations, call United Air Lines or your Travel Agent.

The DC-8's big picture windows-twice the size of those in other jets-give you an unexcelled view



3689 precision-engineered parts that all pay off right here



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SPORT

Gossie's Last Stand

The greatest show dog in history was a gasping mop of hair. In the hot, stuffy quarters under Madison Square Garden. the Pekingsee anned Chik T'Sun of Calvare and the Company of the Comp

Then tiny (5 ft., so lbs.) Handler Clan-Alford, 51, went to work on Chik T'Sun (she calls him Gossie for short). A pair of round-eyed Chihuahuas, led by a tweedy woman, minced past on the urinespattered floor, each bearing on its back a tiny knapsack loaded with a pack of cigarettes, matches and sunglasses. But noththrough the smoke of her Winston, she turned the Peke over on his back and began to brush the long hair on his belly with strokes that soon had him wheezing

in relaxed delight.

No Boths. At a respectful distance hovered the champion's owners. Charles Venable, an Atlanta vending-machine distributor, and his blonde wife Christine. They bought the English-bred dog for a reported \$8,500 three years ago and have scarcely seen him since; few owners who aspire to blue ribbons have the time or skill to handle their own dogs. Clara Alford, a half-Cherokee professional handler from Catoosa, Okla., put Gossie on the strict regimen of a Peke show dog. e.g., no romping with other dogs or children (he might damage an eye), no baths (his hair might mat). She stoked him on chopped steak laced with wheat germ. brushed his flowing reddish hair from two to nine hours a day. For eleven months a year, Gossie spent much of his time in a traveling case in the back of Clara's Dodge station wagon as she barnstormed



CH. CHIK T'SUN & HANDLER ALFORD
He looked like a loser.

from one city to another on the show-dog circuit. Nights, she pulled into a motel, set up a 6-ft, pen, and turned Gossie loose for his exercise, after carefully choosing a smooth stretch of lawn with no twigs or briars that might snag his coat.

One Fault, Before the finals, Clara sprayed Gossie's coat lightly with water ("It quiets the hair-there's so much electricity in it"), then carried him into the ring. With anxious quizzical eyes. Gossie peered up at the judge feeling for the solid, strong body that has been a requirement of the breed since it was brought out of China in 1860 by the British, With Clara hustling alongside. Chik T'Sun glided across the floor with the approved controlled roll. After hesitating over a broad-chested bulldog and a frisky Pembroke Welsh corgi, the judge pointed his right hand at Gossie and declared him best-in-show.

With this final honor, Gossie retired from the show ring, was carried off to the Venables' home in Atlanta. There he will lead a life of casual case, and devote himself to the task of improving his breed (stud fee \$150). Business should be brisk, for Pekingees fanciers are willing to overlook the single fault of Westminster's chammion. He snores.

Little Man, What Now?

Professional basketball this season is dominated by a rookie: Wilt ("The Stilt") Chamberlain, center for the Philadelphia Warriors-the agile Negro giant (7 ft. 2 in., 250 lbs.) who can nearly reach the basket by raising an arm. Last week Chamberlain was well on his way to smashing every record on the books. Even with 14 games still to play, he had scored more points and snared more rebounds than any other player ever had in a full season. Against the Detroit Pistons he scored 41 points to raise his total to 2.134. break by 20 the season record of St. Louis' Bob Pettit (6 ft. 9 in., 215 lbs.). In the same game he pulled down 16 rebounds for a total of 1,613, one more than the record set last year by Boston's Bill Russell (6 ft. 10 in., 220 lbs.).

Sure Palm. The best-or worst-is still to come. At 23, Chamberlain is far from his peak, even with a 37-5-point game average that has hoisted the Warriors from the cellar of the N.B.A.'s Eastern Division in 1959 to a strong second place this year. For most of the season. Chamberlain's favorite maneuver in the pivot has been to step away from the basket, turn and jump for a righthanded banked shot. Essentially, this is the shot a short man might take to overcome the height of his opponent, has the serious disadvantage of moving Chamberlain away from the rebound. Now Chamberlain is beginning to exploit his size and strength by bulling straight for the hoop. overpowering his man with a leap so high that he merely lets the ball roll off his palm for a sure basket.

To stop Chamberlain, the pros have



CHAMBERLAIN AT WORK
He just lets it roll.

tried every trick in the book. They may doubt-team him (one man in front, one behind) with the hope of blocking of passes. When Chamberlain does get the ball, the defense swirts about him like a pack of bounds circling a bear at bay. Under the boop, they beat a tattoo on him with ebow and hip. Last week Chamberlain of two teeth jammed back by an elbow. Says Warrior Coach Neil Johnston: "They're getting away with murder against Wilt. It would help if Will would belt a few, but he's only fought back a couple of times when he got mad."

What About Five? But Chamberlain's record-breaking performance raises a troubling question: Is basketball becoming the private preserve of the good big man? Grumbles Detroit's Guard Gene Shue: "The big men make it look easy. They take the skill out of basketball." Like most pros, Shue (6 ft. 2 in.) classifies as small anyone under 6 ft. 6 in.

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"Until Chamberlain came along, it wasn't too bad," says Cousy. "What about the day when you find yourself playing against five Chamberlains? The way things are going, unless something is done, there just won't be any small men in professional basketball."

SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

After Appomattox

Nobody will ever know who really started it. It may well have been an obscure vaudeville comedian, after Appomattox or after Yorktown, who first used the joke during a desperate split week in Manchester or Dublin. The joke involved someone's trying to rent a cottage with a W.C. (water closet) and being misunderstood by someone else who thought that by some tortured leap of the jokemaker's imagination the letters stood for Wayside Chapel. Thus, the W.C. was nine miles from the house, could be visited only twice a week, etc.—endless possibilities. Little could the unsung, unremembered hero foresee that his creation would one day produce a major crisis in the Amerithe very least to the firing by Arthur Godfrey of Singer Julius La Rosa or the appearance of I. Fred Muggs more or less alongside Queen Elizabeth II on Dave Garroway's show-and more, that it would become in some quarters an issue of free speech, the soullessness of big corporations, the decline of public morality and perhaps the future of the democratic system.

On his Welneday night show Jock Para considered using the venerable joke, debated with himself (as he later realled) about whether it was fit for the air called) about whether it was fit for the air left by the control of the contr

and Practice

Guardian Jahncke viewed the Paar tape and decided stanchly that the 43-min. sequence must come out. After a quick check with still-unnamed NBC Superiors, but without a word to Jack Paar, the tape cutters started snipping. When the show went on the air, the Wayside Chapel, the water closet and Varrator Paar were replaced by a news broadcast. But what women, and cash for disk polecys, even the French atomic blast in the Sahara seem insignificant on Page One.

"I Am Leoving," After a day's restraint (he merely called NBC's action "idiotic") Paar appeared for the taping session of his next show. For the first 15 minutes, there was business as usual—bright, light, laughing. But soon after the show was due to "go network" and spread from New York cross country, Paar's smile petered out. "All right," he asked, "Are vou ready."

He was not questioning NBC's right to cut out the story, said Jack, although he considered it inoffensive. But no one had even consulted him, and now his public would think that he had committed "some terrible obscenity." Still the network would not let him clear his name by running the censored tape. The conres of Paar's mouth began to turn down. His voice broke. His eyes leaked. He had wrestled with his soul for 30 sleepless hours, he said through half-suppressed tears, and he had finally come to a lonely decision: "There must be an easier way to make a living, I am leaving the Tonight show," Abruptly he got up and did just that.

"No Guts." For almost a minute the audience applauded in sympathy. Then suave Announcer Hugh Downs took over and nimbly walked a tightrope between



JACK PAAR & WIFE MIRIAM
Can the Bill of Rights survive?

disagreement with Paar. Comic Orson Bean came on to denounce the "debumanized" network that had neither "loyality" nor "guist." Comic Shelley Berman chimed in with a call for Paar's fans to march on Radio City with pitchlorks. Later, Bean struggled to get the thing into better perspective. "Listen," he said, "the better perspective." Listen, "he said, "the said said said said said said said Soon the human relationship outfit." Soon the human relations outfit had to

make a public relations decision: Should the tape containing Paar's walkout and all the criticism of NBC be put on the air? It should, decided NBC, and to show how human it could be, it even invited the public to be sure to tune in.

The country took it big. Pro-Paar calls and wires poured into NBC headquarters. Mickey Rooney, who had only recently been involved in a liquid fead with Paar (Trans, Dec. 14), offered Jack a job in a Rooney-owned tire factory. A political-button manufacturer put aside his campain slogans to produce a laped ornament race track, an in-and-outer named Randy-paar, after Jack's daughter, got into the

spirit of things and paid \$15_ to win.

A New York Post editional promoted
Paar to a lonely maverick fighting for the
Bill of Rights, And the New York Journal American's TV critic, Jack O'Brian,
and American's TV critic, Jack O'Brian,
and American's TV critic, Jack O'Brian,
and Post O'Brian, was no moral judgment; after all, "a majority killed Christ."

I' Am Free," Such battet filights

aside, it was plain that the Wayside Chapel was not the best possible place for Paar to fight for the Bill of Rights. It fuss-perhaps in a deliberate attempt to get freewheeling, free-talking Paar into line-over a story far milder than many other things heard on previous Paar shows or elsewhere on TV. But NBC was in no mood to lose a topnotch performer-and moneymaker. All week long newspaper re-Bronxville, recording every sob and sigh. According to Paar, even NBC President Robert Kintner and NBC Chairman Robert Sarnoff had tried to reach him by phone. "They're not bad people as net-work executives go," said Paar, but he would not talk to them, hoped to leave on a long vacation. Then he told another story-this time about a poor man who owned only one cup and broke even that one day. As it shattered, he said: "At last I am free." And that, added Paar por-tentously, "is how I feel,"

NBC promptly suggested that it might repair the cup. A conciliatory letter from President Kintner reminded Paar of the other people on his show who were affected by his walkout. "I hope you will think of all of them, Jack, and decide to come back to us." At the same time, NBC was insisting that it would hold Paar to his five-year, \$100,000 a-year contract. TV gossips insoriably whispered that

the whole affair had been a phony from the start, nothing but a carefully planned publicity campaign. It was an unconvincing rumor for various reasons, not the least of them being the fact that no network flack has that much imagination.

NIGHTCLUBS

Joey at the Summit

On every table in the big nightchlu at Las Vegas 'Sands Hotel, a card announcing the night's entertainment carried as after-thought: "Oh yes. . . and Joey Bishop." Joey's thin, sad face glooms out of Theoretically Joey has bottom billing—fifth man after the show's four stars. But happily, as soon as he starts talking, he is recognized as top banana in a newly assembled comedy act that is breaking up Vegas. His fellow performers: Prank and Peter Lawford.

"Who's starring tonight?" asks the M.C. as he opens the five-cornered show. Joey's voice is heard answering quietly from backstage: "I dunno. Dean Martin is drunk; Sammy Davis hadda go to da temple; Peter Lawford's out campaigning for his brother-in-law." Hopefully, the



Taking the bite out of 75,000 amps

When a main circuit breaker opens in a power plant, a thunderbolt of tens of thousands of amperes leaps between the opening contacts. The searing heat of the are would vaporize copper, and would quickly chew up even the toughest of nature's metals. But a unique kind of man-made material created by Mallory withstands this awesome heat and stress in power stations across the country.

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M.C. asks: "What's Frank doing?" Joey's answer is a wise snicker. Then he makes his entrance

Big Wheel. Among the newer comics, from sichnis to social satirists, Jeey stands alone. His wry, deadpan comments raise even the obvious to the realm of chaos and pure corn—Sinatra beating a bass drum that advertises his L.A. bean-ery, or Dean Martin drinking. Soctoch from an ice bucket—Joey can still be funny. When Sammy Davis swings into Ské'd Live



COMEDIAN BISHOP
Will Frankie be an ambassador?

in a Tent, Joey worriedly pretends to detect an Arab influence, announces: "Jewish people don't live in tents. We don't even smoke Camels." When Senator Jack Kennedy caught the show last week, Joey told him: "If you get in, Frank has to be Ambassador to Italy and Sammy to Israel. I don't want too much for myself—just don't let me get drafted again." Turning to the control of the control of the control of the totor is wonderful. Once, in 1955, when I couldn't afford an operation, he touched up the X rays."

Joey's quips are delivered with a warmth that never wounds. Even the self-protective Sinatra loves them. The "sum it session" at the Sands was made possible because all of its stars are in Vegas for the filming of Frank's new movie. Ocean's 11. But the nikethy "meetings." says Frank in a masterfully mixed metasys Frank in a masterfully mixed metasys Frank in a masterfully mixed metastar between the Speaker of the House—Joey Bishop, the hub of the bis wheel."

Another Nome, At. 42, Joey has been waiting a long time to get to the center of things. Born Joseph Abraham Gottlieb, he grew up in Philadelphia. "My folks were poor," he remembers, "but I didn't mind poverty. They always played games. For instance, when I'd come home, they had moved." He quit high school, formed the Bishop Brothers Trio with two pals

named Reisman and Spector (Bishop was the name of another friend who promised to drive them to auditions). Through the late '3os, they played the Eastern burlesque circuit.

After the war, Joey went back to the small clubs until Sinatra caught him one night in Greenwich Village. At Frank's suggestion, he was booked into the big time. Stints on Jack Paar's TV show and CBS's freewheeling Keep Talking got him national attention and a chance to be the kind of comedian he likes-a sadfaced funnyman whose effortless humor seems spontaneous but is the product of endless preparation. "People don't guffaw just looking at me," says he. "I have to compensate for that. I read obituary columns. I call hospitals and ask how things are in surgery. Little things that keep me sad. I shy away from people who say good morning. What we need is not sick humor but healthy adversity.'

HOLLYWOOD

"Hi There, Sagittarius"
In the neon night caves along Holly-

wood's Sunset Strip, the smooth-talking fellows with the gleaming teeth no longer wink and say, "Come up and see my etchings." Last week, as the sun pic'ced up the trine of Jupiter and Uranus, the new line was "Let's compare horoscopes," and many a forthright Virgo walked away enchantedly on the arm of a leering Libra.

For the religion of the stars is the stars' religion, and astrology in Hollywood is competing with the psychoanalyst's couch. "Psychiatrist trade on human anxiety," says one high-priced chartist of the skies. "A good astrologer relieves it." As usual last week, it was Carroll Righter, Hollywood's No. 1 self-styled "astrologian," who did most of the anxiety relieving.

Proper Piper, Righter has just about as much influence in Hollywood as a leading astrologer has in Thailand, where no top politician makes a move until the heavens are right. Dozens of stars will make no move (or movie) without calling Righter. Marlene Dietrich, whose respect for the master shot up when he correctly predicted that she would break her ankle in a studio accident, uses airplanes only when he gives the nod. Arlene Dahl, Robert Cummings, Rhonda Fleming, the Gabors, Hildegarde Neff, Adolphe Menjou, Tab Hunter, Susan Hayward, Red Skelton-all would rather pay Righter than the piper. Some use him more than others. Says Mrs. Van Johnson: "I don't ask Carroll when I should go to the bathroom, like some of our friends do."

Righter does not have all the big-name clients; Marily Monroe, Clifford Odets, and Susan Strasberg, for instance, seek their zoducial advice elsewhere. When he had advice elsewhere, when he impress her and said: "I know—you're a Gemini. Did you know you were born under the same sign as Rosalind Russell, Judy Garland and Rosemary (Conney)." Marilyn looked him straight in the eye those people. I was born under the same sign as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Queen Victoria and Walt Whitman."

Scorpions Too Smoll. Hollywood's Righter probably owes his vocation to a Philadelphia physician who in 1937 told him he had six months to live (Righter now says he had a "back ailment"). Then a pressagent for the Philadelphia Civic Opera, he moved to Hollywood. Reading about the zodiac, he soon sus that although Broadway plays were being scheduled by the control of the property o

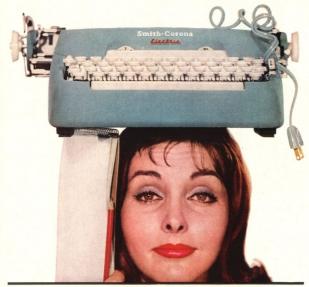
Today, at 60, Righter has a staff of four secretaires, one mathematician, and two servants, produces a daily column synditacted in 251 U.S. newspapers, writes books (Astrology and You), and at his Victorian Hollywood home throws splashy parties that seem to come from a more storied bodied actresses sight down their cigarette holders at producers; social climbers pretend fascination with semiliterate stars.



RIGHTER & CLIENT HAYWARD Did Marilyn know her sign?

When Taurus is the sign of the time, there is a live bull on the front lawn, and when Leo reigns, a full-grown lion. For Scorpio last week, there was a crocodile as a standin for the real thing. "Scorpions," explains the host, "are too small."

Drifting among his guests. Carroll Righter remembers everything but their names. "Hello, Taurus," he says, "Hi there, Sagittarius," To the inner circle, it's "Hello, March 8," or "January 27," Once he met a woman and said, "Hello, March 27," then turned to a friend and whispered, "What's her name?" He had forgotten a durable Aries: Gloria Swanson.



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The Reluctant Heldentenor

To fill the gigantic mold of a Wagnerian hero, a tenor should 1) have a voice big enough and resonant enough to soar over the timparti-tempered Wagnerian orport swooning Wagnerian sopranos, and 3) preferably be named Lauritz Melchior. At the Metropolitan Opera last week, a comported reviewd of Wagners Die Walfered the audience a dramatic tenor who ideally fulfilled the first two requirements and made the third one seem unimportation for Vicker, 33-year-old, Canadianborn for Vicker, 33-year-old, Canadian-

Tenor Vickers made an inauspicious Met debut earlier in the year in Pagliacci, later scored a notable triumph as Florestan in Fidelio (TIME, Feb. 8). His performance last week in the role of Siegmund prompted some of the loudest and longest cheers heard at the Met this season. A solidly constructed man (5 ft. 6) in.



VICKERS & LOEVBERG

All the care of an efficiency expert.

215 lbs., chest 45 im.). Vickers is a passionate, convincing actor; his voice is heavy but admirably flexible, capable of varied and subtle shadings. It was at its most spectacular when it surged over the orchestra in Siegmund's furious outbursts, but it was also wonderfully expressive in the quieter waters of the first act's tenderly lyrical Wintersturene, sucken don somewhat uneven support, from Sopramos Aase Nordmo Loevberg as Sieglinde, Birig Nilsson as Bruenhilde, and a whole troop of excellent Valkyries, but he was plainly the star of the evening. Soprano Nilsson: "I hope Vickers will be for me what Melchior was to Flagstad."

Triston: Loter. Vickers has other tideas: he does not covet the role of Heldentenor. "I have no intention," says, he, "of becoming a Wagner specialist. I love Wagner, but I want to sing for 2z Italian roles, because Italian careses the voice while German exploits it." Morever, Vickers refuses to jump into the role of Tristan, as his public and press have urgel him to. No dramatic tenor, he reasons, really reaches vocal maturity until Tristan, it jakes a few vears become for Tristan. Tristan, it jakes a few vears become for

'the artist to mature in the role. Tenor Vickers' soberly practical attitude toward his success stems from the fact that it took a long time coming. At home in Prince Albert, Sask., Vickers sang "in every church choir in town." but planned to become a doctor. When he graduated from high school (his father was a school principal), he found the colleges jammed with returning veterans, turned to clerking in Safeway and Woolworth stores, eventually became a tool buyer for the Hudson Bay Co. department store. When he was appearing in an amateur production of Naughty Marietta, the Toronto Conservatory heard of him, gave him a three-year scholarship. But Vickers, who had a horror of becoming "another run-of-the-mill radio singer," decided after eight years that he would go back into business. "The press always said, 'Mr. Vickers gave his usual fine performance, and I knew I was on the way down.

At 55: Erile, What changed his mind was the offer of a Covent Garden contract. He became a success in London won raves for his Aeneas in Berliot The was the sense of the sens

Vickers, who still yearns sometimes for the business world, has charted his musical career with the care of an efficiency expert. Says he: "I always remember what Caruso said: "With a beautiful voice it is not hard to reach the top. But to stay there, that is hard.' I want to stay there —but not a day past 5.5."

Splash for "Little Spinach"

Good Italian ballerinas are about as scarce as Russian boccie bowlers. But audiences at La Scala last week cheered a 23-year-old dancer, daughter of a Milan streetcar conductor, who was all but stealing the stage from Britain's famed Margot Fonteyn. Occasion: the world première of Fonteyn Occasion: the world première of Fonteyn de Carol Frecie

Ballet at La Scala was for years behind

the rest of the world, with choreography and staging sometimes below the level of New York's Radio City Music Hall. But Choreographer Leonide Massine's appealtrying hard to catch up. The ballet opened against a backdrop of black-and-white hotel exteriors reminiscent of Ludwig Bemelmus drawings; the story then moved to night club, courtroom and prison as it told framed in a gandand shooting, sentenced

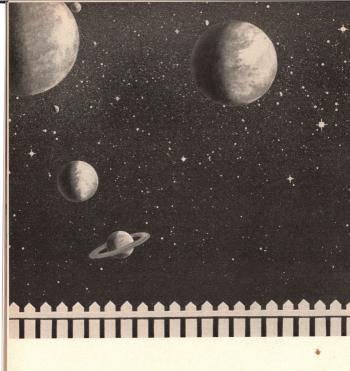


FRACCI IN "GRAND HOTEL"
All but stealing the stage.

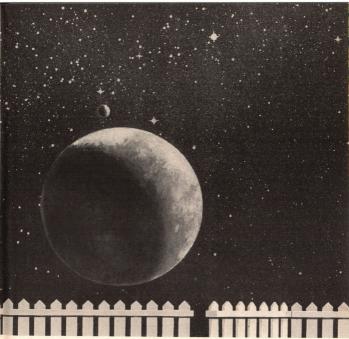
to death, but liberated by a previous lover. The short piece was lavishly costumed busboys in scarlet monkey suits, red-robed judges, policemen dressed in dominoes and it amply displayed Ballerina Fracci's hard-edged, superbly controlled style.

A one of the country and what thing one of the country and the country of the cou

ed to my physique."
But at ballet's end, fans applauded through nine curtain calls, echoing the though nine curtain calls, echoing the control of the contro



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New Picture

Once More, With Feeling (Stanley Donen; Columbial. "Wouldn't you like to slip into something loose?" Yul Brynner purrs seductively to his bride, "Yes, Kay Kendall snarls. "A taxi.

So begins one of the most hilarious wedding nights of recent film history. Yul is a terrible-tempered conductor who "uses symphony orchestras the way other people] use Kleenex." Kay, his mistress of many years, is tired of it all, wants to marry a nice, respectable college president and live like a human being. So she has married Yul so she can get a divorce so the college president will think he is getting an honest woman. But Yul, cad that he is, has no intention of divorce.

He corners her in his den, crushes her in his arms, Suddenly he stares aghast at her shoulder. "Where is it?" "I had it removed." "Our mole?" Kay breaks free, runs around the room with a rose in her teeth. Yul seizes her again, She threatens to scream. He (masterfully): "Go on, scream." She (weakening): "In a minute." He leads her toward the bedroom. "Oh!" she gasps, "I knew this would happen if we got married." She blinks up at him shyly. "Promise me you won't think less of me?" He smirks confidently as she glides away, glides back in a fingertip nightie, just in time to receive an unexpected visitor: the college president.

Too much of the rest of the show.

adapted by Playwright Harry Kurnitz from his Broadway farce (TIME, Nov. 3, 1958), is unfortunately not very funny. For one thing, when Actor Brynner sets out to tickle the funnybone, he practically breaks the spectator's arm. For another, Kurnitz' shock gags require the physical presence of the actors for their effect. But in the film version the actors are not actually there, the shock often fails to come through, the laughs often fail to come off, Still, there are a few bits of memorably daffy backchat (Trustee's son: "Mother has a head on her shoulders, Agent who knows the old battle-ax: "Absolutely! I have seen it"). And there is Kay Kendall.

Once More was completed last July, two months before Actress Kendall's death, at 33, of leukemia. Many of her scenes were shot while she had a high fever, Nevertheless, she gives in her last picture what is possibly her funniest film performance. At one point, while Brynner is chasing her around his den, she peers at him through the strings of a harp, and with the merest curl of the upper lip contrives to suggest that she is a caged and ferocious lioness. At another, bedded with a banging hangover, she suddenly gets a mad glint in her eye, yanks the lid off her ice bag, dumps the cubes into a highball, gulps it down, grins wickedly. These and a dozen other bits of business are brought off with delicious wit and a berserk precision of gesture that only Bea Lillie among living comediennes can



KENDALL & BRYNNER IN "ONCE MORE" With berserk precision.

match, Like Lillie, Kay Kendall was not really so much a comedienne as a clown, and her last picture should leave no doubt in anybody's mind that she was a clown with a touch of genius.

Russian Without Tractors

Boy meets tractor, Boy loses tractor, Boy gets tractor. Such was the dreary, propagandistic plot of most movies made in Stalin's Russia. Enter Comrade Khrushehey, followed by a babble of rumors that tractors were out, humanity was in, and a new generation of genius was about to restore the prestige enjoyed in the '20s by the Communist cinema. Last week thanks to the recent U.S.-Soviet film-exchange agreement, two of the new Russian films could be seen in the U.S. Genius was not in evidence, but then neither were the tractors.

Swan Lake (Columbia), the less remarkable of the two, is a photographed performance of the well-known ballet set to music by Composer Peter Ilvich Tchaikovsky, as it is danced by the modern masters of the 19th century tradition. the corps de ballet of Moscow's Bolshoi

Theater.

The picture, though filmed in Eastman Color of a particularly somber and romantic richness, has the inevitable inadequacies of photographed theater. The warmth of the living illusion is lost in cold celluloid, and the creative gesture of the camera is frustrated. As the camera wanders uncertainly through the theater, often too close to the action, often too far away, the spectator begins to feel as if he is traipsing about in search of a seat.

The dancing, though, is what matters, and it is magnificent. Maya Plisetskava. the public favorite among Russia's younger ballerinas, dances the double role of



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Odette-Odile with a mixture of faulties precision, lyric grace and sheer animal power; Nicolai Fadeychev as the Prince and Vladimir Levashev as the Evil Spirit are virile, commanding performers. On the other hand, the ballet itself is simply an arrant Arcadian anachronism, and Tchaikovsky's music, except for a few eddies of glorious melody, fills Swam Labe with sugar water. But along with all its Taults, the picture pu Buthol troupe direction and the state of the state

The Crones Are Flying (Worner), which won the top prize at the Cannes Film Festival of 1958, is a much more exciting experience. With the exception of Sergei Eisenstein's Ivan the Terrible, it is probably the best Russian movie seen in the U.S. since World War II.

Made by Mikhail Kalatozov, a middleaced associate of Eisenstein; 7. The Cranes dre Flying tells the story of two young Batalov) who fall in love just before the Nazi invasion. He rushes off to the army, leaving her a letter of explanation, but the letter is mislaid, and she thinks she killed in an air raid, she goes to pieces and lets herself be seduced by a no-good drift-dodger who plays the piano. She spends the rest of the picture in Siberia, work her spiritual passage home, viring to work her spiritual passage home.

The story is as banal as it sounds, but Director Kalatozov has told it with smashing verve. He has obviously made the picture he wanted to make, relatively free of official interference, and the sense of freedom thrills in every frame. Kalatozov can seldom resist the brilliant angle and the trenchant frame, even when they interrupt the story, and his glorious effects of cutting and lighting are often spectacularly inappropriate. But somehow the vital extravagance of the film engages the spectator and whirls him along in its whirling mood. This mood is personified in Heroine Samoilova, an astonishingly imaginative young actress who is the type of Tolstoy's Natasha-slender, dark, expressive as a flame.

For all its various vitalities. The Cranes Are Flying probably matters less as a work of art than as a revelation of the modern Russian mood. It adds, for one thing, to the mass of evidence that the nation that leads the world in rocketry is still inspired by the romantic ideals of 19th century "servants' literature." The film also suggests that there has been some relaxation of the puritanical morality of the revolution: the heroine errs, but is forgiven at the fade. And there is even a mild suggestion that people in Russia sometimes get tired of the canned ideas they are continually fed-the party's production slogans and political cant ("Fascist beasts") come in for some sly kidding. So do the professional women, the emancipated amazons of Marxist society. But one Cranes does not make a summer. SAAB

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Frustrated Optimism

The stock market was a matter of concern last week not only to harried investors but to businessmen worried about the impact of its slide on U.S. business psychology. In a week of wild gyrations, it plummeted as much as 122 points in a few hours, bounced back up again, rollercoasted through the week. At way 250 m, the Constitution of the week of the conposition of the control of the conposition for the control of the conposition for months.

Wall Street had a long face, but it was not weeping. It was not worried about any downturn in the economy; instead it was suffering from frustrated optimism. The Street and investors throughout the antion seemed to have forgotten that the decade's growth would not be evident immediately. Said. A Moyer Kuly, vice president of the Wellington Fund, second biggest U.S. muttal undu. "The market has been too impatient. Men "and big too Street's history had the turnabout from giddy optimism to pessimism been so abrupt.

Now that they have come down to earth, Wall Streeters expect a year of steady growth instead of soaring boom, and a possible recession in 1961. But they do fear that the disappearance of paper profits may have made many investors turn cautious, at least temporarily; they are also unhappy at the decrease in stock buying, since they feel that only

big volume when the market stages a rally is a convincing sign that the bottom has been reached. But many a Wall Streeter who thought that the market would reach its lows later in the year is now convinced that the lows are about over and that the market will reach its 1960 highs in the second half.

Despite the market slump, investors did not hesitate to plunge in where they thought they saw something good. After Paul V. Shields, senior partner in the Manhattan brokerage firm of Shields & Co., announced details of the deal to merge NAFI Corp. with Chris-Craft Corp. (TIME, Feb. 15). NAFI shot up voj points during the week to close at 25/1 lead the exchange in trading. Polaroid and respectable gains were chalked up by Texas Instruments and Annex.

A big part of the market slump has been blamed on the withdrawal of the institutions from the market some time ago. Many of them turned to bonds, short-term government securities, or cash. Last week there were signs that the institutions were coming back into the market. Massachusetts Investors Trust, biggest U.S. mutual fund, reported that it was fully invested in common stocks. The Boston Fund, which had been making "very heavy" sales of common stocks, stopped selling. Said John P. Chase, president of a Boston investment counseling firm, who manages two mutual funds and advises others with \$400 million in other capital: "At the end of the year we were at our most defensive in 20 years. In the last week, we have done some buying of common stocks for the first time this year."

Whither Autos?

As usual at this time of year, the key to much of 1960's economic health lies hidden in a vital question. How big a year will it be for autor? Automen traditionally make a brave try at guessing the answer to.7% in January over last year. But this year the significance of the figures has been clouded by the carryover effects of the conduction of the con

"We're just floating in a sea of figures that we don't know how to interpret," said a top Ford executive. "If you take January and seasonally adjust it, it looks like a 6,500,000 year, including imports. But if you figure that part of January's total is a carryover from November and December, it looks like a 6,100,000-car year, not too different from 1959." Chevrolet Boss Ed Cole, setting out.

with a phalanx of salesmen on a two-week tour to stir up dealers, quickly made his choice. Said he: "1960 promises to be one of the best selling years in history, and a record breaker for Chevrolet. We expect Chevrolet dealers to sell about 1,500,000 conventional passenger cars, 300,000 Corvairs and 365,000 trucks. Such an achievement would represent an alltime sales record for Chevrolet."

In the cloudy market picture, one thing is clear: the compacts are still setting the sales pace. Ford and Chrysler are trimming production schedules on their standard cars to step up production of compacts, and American Motors added a third shift, is producing round the clock. The shortage of compacts is slowly beginning to ease, but many dealers are still crying for more compacts, especially on the West and East coasts. Rambler led the January compact-sales parade with 35,000 cars, followed by Ford's Falcon (32,000), Chevrolet's Corvair (19,000), Studebaker's Lark (9,100) and Chrysler's Valiant (8.200). In overall sales, Chevrolet pulled ahead of the field with 122,000 cars. v Ford's 113,000. Many foreign cars were already feeling the competition, and imports, though still big, were down more than 20% since last June.

Though Detroit is confused, it still expects the spring upturn that appeared last year after an absence of three years. Said the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co.: "The disappointment in January may mean a somewhat slower pace of assemblies for the first quarter than had previously been planned. But it does not mean that the automobile market has suddenly trust. Determined the property of the property of the been and better than it was a very account.

GOVERNMENT

Echoes of Suez

When the Justice Department's trustbusters got an indictment against 20 major U.S. oil companies in 1938, charging a crimial conspiracy to boost oil prices after the Suez crisis, predictions were free that the trial would last six months or more. But last week, in Tulsa, Okla, after a trial of barely ten days, Federal Judge Royce H. Savage acquitted the companies. Said Judge Savage: "I have an absolute conviction that the defendants are not guilty."

The heart of Justice's complaint was that Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) and its affiliated companies had combined to boost prices shortly after Suez. Humble Oil & Refining Co., 88% owned by Jersey Standard, started the ball rolling, and most of the industry had quickly fallen into line.

Duck Hunt. Ordinarily, such an industry-wise case would have dragged on interminably. Judge Savage would have mone of it. Using a civil-suil procedure, he held pre-trial meetings to settle on the head pre-trial meetings to settle on the major points at issue. Defense attorneys, for example, disagreed on what percentage of the market their clients held. Judge Savage noted that a percentage point either way would make little difference.



In a race with the compacts.



WARNER "We agreed on 65%," said one defense

attorney, "and went on to the next item.

At the trial, the Government took only

seven days to present its case, arguing

that it was illegal for a parent company to

consult with subsidiaries on prices. Gov-

ernment lawyers contended that Hines

Baker, then president of Humble Oil.

talked with Standard of Jersey President

Monroe J. Rathbone about a price hike in

Louisiana in December 1956, that Rath-

bone reported the matter to Jersey's ex-

ecutive committee, and that an industry-

wide boost started soon after. The Gov-

ernment questioned Lion Oil Co. Vice

President John E. Howell about a se-

ries of phone conversations with top oil-

industry executives. Howell explained

that the calls were about a duck hunt in

Arkansas-not crude-oil prices. The Gov-

ernment also introduced a wire from Con-

tinental Oil Executive Vice President Charles A. Perlitz to Conoco President

Leonard F. McCollum in which he wrote.

after much talk about crude oil: "Have

not heard from Proctor as vet." Mr. Proctor, indicated the Government darkly

was executive vice president of Gulf Oil Corp., another of the defendants. Conoco's answer: the reference to Gulf's Proctor was about financing for the Trans-

Canada pipeline, in which affiliates of

Conoco and Gulf each had a 17% interest. Rights of Parents. When it came time for the defense, the oilmen did not even

bother to present a formal defense. Said

Jersey Standard Lawyer Hugh Cox: Humble and Jersey had indeed discussed

prices. "But where's the price fixing in

that? Jersey Standard is a holding com-

pany-it has no prices. No court has held

that parents can't discuss and agree on

prices. A decision that this was in viola-

tion of the law would affect hundreds and perhaps thousands of firms. A drastic

reorganization of the structure of busi-

W. Bartlett: "The acquittal's coming

without necessity of presenting our de-

fense simply proves what we have said

all along-that the case against us proved

The lawyers for the 29 oil companies moved for acquittal. Judge Savage upheld them. Said Socony Mobil Chairman Fred



MASON



ROSTOW

For a leviathan, growing pains and imperial decisions.



BERLE

THE ECONOMY Judging the Giant

The U.S. corporation is a modern leviathan that has greater impact upon the lives and fortunes of Americans than any other force outside Government. The 500 largest U.S. corporations embrace nearly two-thirds of all non-agricultural economic activity, employ one in every seven U.S. workers, wield massive economic power over the whole U.S. economy. How are corporations using that power? What problems has it created?

In The Corporation in Modern Society (Harvard University Press; \$6.75), 14 topflight economists, lawyers and political scientists take a searching and comprehensive look at the corporate giant. A. A. Berle Jr., whose books on corporate power have become classics, calls the book, in his foreword, "the best body of material on the American corporate system vet offered." Edited and with an introduction by Edward S. Mason, professor of economics at Harvard, it is held together by a single theme; the U.S. corporation is a new and unique system that has left behind old-style capitalism and socialism alike-and suffered some worrisome growing pains in the process.

Smiling Bureaucrats. Although the corporation dates back to the 14th century. it was the U.S. businessman who developed it into the most efficient machine to handle the enormous complexities of mass production, mass markets and mass financing. In the process, the corporation has become a political and social system as well as an economic one-a state within a state. "Imperial decisions are ratified in this regal atmosphere," says Earl Latham, professor of political science at Amherst College, "decisions to divide up the U.S., develop Venezuela, support an Arab oligarchy, lengthen cars so that they fit nobody's garage, approve treaties with other satrapies of economic power and influence.

With the change in the corporation's stature, points out Eugene V. Rostow, dean

TIME CLOCK

RUSSIAN WATCHES are newest imports. Called the Majak, they will be sold by Chicago's Import Associ-ates firm for \$18.95.

NONSTOP JET FLIGHTS to Rome will be started from New York by TWA next May with Boeing 707s. Flight time: 8 hours.

FAR EAST TOURIST BOOST will result from expanded jet service in 1960. Estimated 125,000 Americans, 15% more than last year, will travel beyond Hawaii to Far East and South Pacific, spend \$130 million v. \$117 million last year.

COPPER-STRIKE pact was agreed upon by Anaconda Co. and the Inter-national Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, ending a 177-day walkout. Anaconda's settlement all but ended the strike, which shut down 80% of the industry. The threeyear contract provides 4,785 Anacon-da workers with hourly wage boosts from 15¢ to 35¢.

CYRUS EATON STOCK DEAL CYRUS EATON STOCK DEAL to consolidate Eaton's Portsmouth Corp., an investment company, with Detroit Steel Corp. (No. 15 in U.S.) is being negotiated. If stockholders and SEC approve deal, Eaton, 76 (Time, Jan. 19, 1959), will become chairman of Detroit Steel.

MONTHLY INVESTMENT PLAN of New York Stock Exchange had its best year in 1959, added 46,000 stockholders, nearly 25% of the 207,500 plans begun since 1954. Plan members bought 883,415 shares worth \$41,900,000.

CHRYSLER CORP. LOSS in 1959 was \$5,431,024 v. \$33,824,565 in 1958. Steel strike caused a fourth-quarter loss of \$29.2 million, although sales rose 22% to \$2.6 billion.

CONSTRUCTION BOOM totaling \$670 billion over the next ten years is forecast by ARCHITECTURAL FORUM. Total will be more than was spent during past 35 years.

ness would result."



Builder of Skylines

ERWIN S. WOLFSON

There will be just a few more here, but it doesn't bother us."

Wolfson's philosophical calm conceals a genuine, almost intellectual excitement about construction. The son of a Cincinnati pantsmaker, he majored in philosophy and political science at the University of Cincinnati, went to Florida after graduation in 1924 to cash in on the Florida land boom. He and a partner bought two lots for \$7,000, pyramided their investment into a tidy fortune in a few years-then lost it all when the bubble burst. But that did not shatter Wolfson's love affair with building. He went to New York, got work as assistant timekeeper on a construction job, steadily worked his way up in the building business until he became an executive in a Manhattan construction firm. In 1936 he and a partner (who died in 1952) formed Diesel Electric Co. to install power plants in buildings, in 1937 switched to putting up their own buildings. Wolfson admits to luck in getting in on the building boom at the right time, but he quickly showed a knack for the trade that pushed his company ahead.

GRAND CENTRAL CITY completed will make Wolfson New York's No. 1 office builder. His firm has just finished Manhattan's first midrown mother than the fluxdown River, will soon start construction of a new office building on Fark struction of a new office building on Fark struction of the building business. Wolfson considers himself "busically a salesman." Says he: "Tenants don't just come. You have to go and get them. The fact that I also know construction and real estate that the same of the same construction of the same construction busically I sell space."

As a salesman, Wolfson is unusual; he studies Russian history at night at Manhattan's New School for Social Research (of which he is a trustee), is interested in adult education, has established a chair of philosophy at Brandeis University. Though New York City has made his fortune-his holdings are worth almost \$100 million-he does not like it as a place to live. He lives with his wife and two teen-age children on a large estate at Purchase, in Westchester County, where he rides his own horses, plays tennis, swims in his pool. In 1952 Wolfson decided to retire to "have some " He quickly became bored, Savs he: "You can even get to hate your horse if you ride him every day." Within two months he was back at work. once more relishing the heady thrill of changing the city's skyline.

of the Yale Law School, the public image of it has drastically changed. Once, the corporation was symbolized by "a grim and energetic tyrant, single-mindedly driving his staff on to new feats of money-making." Today it proudly boasts of its duties to society, gives out scholarships to deserving students, sparks fund drives, joins in community affairs.

Is this change all to the good? Not at all, says Dean Rostow. It has put the corporation in danger of forgetting that its real business is making money for its stockholders. While not sweeping away legitimate social advances, he gives the back of his hand to the idea that a corporation has any other prime duties, calls it "bewildering balderdash." For example, despite all the current calls for corporate statesmanship in price setting, he insists that prices should not be set on the basis of public or political policy, but on the needs of the corporation and what the market will bear -the higher the better. To do otherwise, he says, often does more harm than good: "The new corporate morality may result in prices and wages which sabotage the market mechanism and systematically distort the allocation of resources

Shoreholderi Democracy? This new corporate morality is the product of the professional manager, the new type of corporate boas, who has taken over from the oldtime owner-entrepreneur. Such men, says W. Lloyd Warner, professor of social research at Michigan State University, are conting like the popular carciature of the Organization Man. What makes a top excutive is that he has a highly developed centive is that he has a highly developed dividual decisions that would drive less capable men into nervous breakdows.

What bothers most of the book's con-

tributors is that there are virtually no private citizens left to question such decisions. Despite the talk of "shareholders' democracy," says Abram Chayes, professor of law at Harvard, stock is so widely scattered that shareholders have little say in how their money is used. Large stockholders, who might wield power, often dodge the issue. If dissatisfied, they simply sell out and put their money elsewhere. The one man who is still a threat to unbridled corporate power is the raider. Though he is now considered "almost illegal," says Dean Rostow, he performs a useful service by getting rid of deadhead management, or even by carrying on a fight that frightens management into reform. One suggestion for restoring the stockholders' voice: trustees to vote their shares, watch out for their interests.

Sales, which our hard interests, "Wolering Vision In the Interest was a way. Neil Chamberlain, a director of the Ford Foundation, is nonsense. Unions have won some of management, so power to legislate wages, hours and working conditions, but they have done all their fighting on ground chosen by management, U.S., unionism has none of the high the property of the pr

THE Manhattan skyline is an everchanging panoram that has been pierced by 133 new office buildings since 1041 in the world's biggest building boom. One of the men who has done the studies owner-builder named Erein S. (for Service) Wolfson. Last week Wolfson, 57, was busy preparing for the biggest building job of its kind ever undertaken in New York City; a 59-story, Stoo million Grand Central City that Grand Central Terminal.

Other builders, notably William Zeck-endorf, have seen the dream of a Grand Central City vanish before the hard realities of finance, but Wolfson neatly turned the trick. He already has all the capital needed to start building: 825 million from City Centre Properties, Ltd., one of Britain's largest real estate organizations. On May 1, Wolfson's Diesel Construction Co. will begin demolishing the six-story building that stands on the site.

The massive, 33-acre octagonal tower of metal, masonry and glass planned by Wolfson has already stirred heated converse, even though Wolfson enlisted the talents of famed Architects Pietro Belluschi and Walter Gropius to design the building. City planners complain that its huge population (75,000 work-ers) will strain service facilities in the area, and architects grumble that the building will be too big (7,400,000 sq. (1). 10 achieve architectural distinction.

CONSTRUCTION of the building will be incordinately complex. During it, traffic must flow on the railroad tracks beneath, on the motor ramps that now cut into the present building. Much of the work will have to be done at night, and materials will have to be hauled underground by flatcar, operations coordinated on a split-second schedule with the movement of trains into and out of the terminal. Says Wolfson: "Problems are normal on my job.





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BY BRISTOL-MYERS, MAKERS OF BUFFERIN®, VITALIS®, IPANA® 'plight' of workers struggling to secure an increase in pay so that they may purchase a color television set, a better car, a more up-to-date kitchen appliance;'' For all its great and good points, the corporation has set up a system, says Penface. La taken "which problets; she

For all its great and good points, the corporation has set up a system, says Professor Latham, "which violates the prevailing values of the American democratic properties of the comparison of the comparison of the comparison of the whole industry. Auto companies can decree the bigger cars and higher tail fins that they misst the consumer wants—though Professor Latham points out that the consumer is not completely helpiess. By resumer is not completely helpiess. By refer example, he has forced the compact-car resolution on management.

Model for the World. The most important fact about The Corporation in Modern Society is that its authors critice without condemning. There is no crying voice for drastic reform, but rather a well-reasoned belief that the corporation would be healthier if it were made more responsive to the democratic process. Most of the contributors do not want more Government control, would like to see the corporation and society—so closely identified the composition and society—so closely identified the composition in the fact that the contributors do not always agree among themselves about always agree among themselves about

what is good for the corporation, some-

times present contradicting theses.

Throughout the book 'runs a critical recognition that, despite its many faults, the U.S. corporation has, by and large come a model for the world. 'No one doubts the superiority of American business management.' says Professor Mason, "Unwitting testimony if testimony is Soviet planners examine American management practices." In its race to catch up with the U.S., Russia, even in its "accialist" world, is moving more and "socialist" world, is moving more and in many respects to resemble the U.S.

corporation.

AVIATION Jet-Age DC-3?

Douglas Aircraft Co., for decades a symbol of U.S. world supremacy in commercial aviation, made a low bow to foreign competition last week, and by so doing put itself in position to pick up a pretty penny. In Manhattan, President Donald Douglas Ir, announced that it was joining with France's Sud-Aviation to sell Sud's up-to-80-passenger, 500 m.p.h., twin-jet Caravelle airliner in world markets. Douglas got exclusive sales rights in the U.S. and Latin America, plus parts of Asia and Africa. At first, all planes will be built in France, but when Douglas orders get big enough (more than 50), Douglas will make the Caravelle in the U.S. This means that Douglas will probably not build its DC-9 medium-range jet, hopes that in the Caravelle it has the jet-age equivalent of the DC-3.

Douglas production may not be long



Douglas' Douglas & Sub's Hereil Low bow for a pretty penny.

acoming. Hardly was the news on the tickers when the Caravelle made its first big U.S. breakthrough. In Denver, United Airlines announced a \$60 million order to Sud for 20 Caravelles (with an option for 20 more), the first time that United has bought anything but U.S. planes. Another Caravelle has been sold in the U.S. to Jet-Engine Builder General Electric Co., which will use the plane as a flying showroom for its new CJ-805-23 aft-fan engine, which delivers more thrust for lower fuel consumption than standard jet engines. G.E. sees a bright future for the medium-range French plane, and wants its engine to replace the Rolls-Royce power plant now in the plane.

Right Plane, Right Time. The Caravelle's victory was a classic case of a hustling company's building the right plane at the right time for the right price. While U.S. planemakers sewed up the market for big, long-range jets (441 orders worth \$2.2 billion), no one was producing a smaller jet for routes of less than 1,000 miles. Starting in 1951, Sud got to work on a transport that could operate economically between cities only 200 miles apart. Price: between \$2,500,000 and \$3,000,000—about half the cost of a DC-8 or Boeing 707. The first flights of the new plane with engines placed near the tail were so successful that eight airlines (among them: Air France, SAS, Alitalia, Sabena, Varig) have ordered 60 planes. The experts think that is just a starter, forecast a potential North American market of 500 Caravelles as replacements for aging piston-engined craft.

The man who gets credit for the Caravelle, and for turning Sud-Aviation into France's biggest planemaker (22,000 employees), is Georges Hereil, 50, a bluff, brezzy businessman who operates his nationalized company with a free-enterprising flair. "Private or public company," says Hereil, 'Twe got the same philosophy

Which Hammermill Paper will cure your pet headache?



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22 different papers to help you print almost every job. Ask your printer to use these Hammermill papers.

The first warning alerted posts all over the United States and Canada. Unidentified airborne objects seemed to be appreaching at supersonic speeds from many directions.
Simullaneously in control centers throughout North America mean and machines dealt with formeris of data. Watching blips on radar scopes, crews made decisions which ordered weepons to destroy the attackers. Interceptor pilots reported over foutspeakers. At the enemy reached and shilled, refer instructions created through command phones.
It But no rockets were fired. No bombs fell. The blips came from magnetic tapes made by a single high-speed compuler. Called Operation Desk Top, this was a simulated raid —the most tignatic ever arranged—to exercise the North American Air Defense System. In planning it, SDC made four billion calculations and six and one-third miles of magnetic tape. It To train managers in decision-making, to exercise decision-makers under realistic stress, to make sure of avoiding costly errors in actual operations—these are some of the bene-

System Development Corporation A non-profit corporation developing large computer-based control systems for military, scientific, and governmental operations.

Professional staff openings are at Santa Monica, California and Lodi, New Jersey.

systems which SDC envisions for the future.

—to make money for our shareholders." When Hereil took over in 1946, he knew little about planes beyond how to fasten the seat belt. He had started out as a liquidator of ailing companies, by World War II had dealt with 800 sick businesses ranging from a concert hall to bakeries and grocery stores.

and grocery stores.

Up from the Boxes, At the time, Sud was struggling along, making iceboxes and ags generating engines to skay alive. Hereil shook up design and production teams, consider the state of the state of the carvelle was aimed at the big U.S. airlines, Bolts and rivets for all removable parts were made to U.S. standards. Says Hereil: "I don't believe in commercial chauvinism."

Financially, Sud-Aviation shows the strain of the Caravelle's \$50 million development cost. The company showed a loss on 1050 sales of \$100 million, will also lose money in 1960. But the company is deep in missile work, has kept its re-trigerator business growing until it is France's third biggest producer with 60-00 units annually. President Hereil also copter business: Sud has had 500 orders for its efficient Alouette jet, now flying in 22 nations, is developing a three-jet, 24-passenger whirtybird and a ten-ton flying craine.

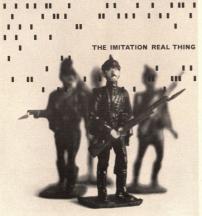
New Policy for MATS

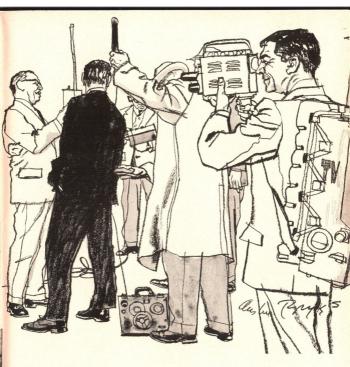
New Policy for MAIS

The commercial airlines, with a big assist from Oklahoma's Democratic Senator
A. S. ("Mike") Monrone, bat week won
their long battle to force the Military Air
Transport Service to stop competing for
Transport Service to stop competing for
MATS will function only as a "hard core"
carrier transporting troops, weapons and
missiles for the armed forces. This policy
shift will force MATS to surrender the
bulk of its military and VIP Government
passenger and freight business to the
private airlines, which will amount to an
estimated \$5 con million a year.

Monroney campaigned to reorient MATS not only to stop it from muscling in on the airlines but to improve its damaged military effectiveness. He charged that obsolescence had all but crippled MATS' 455-plane air fleet; two months ago MATS was forced to ground all its Wright Turbo Compound-powered Constellations because of maintenance problems, and it has kept its C-124 Globemasters in service only by cannibalizing disabled ships. MATS is in such sad shape that it will have to charter several dozen commercial aircraft for the airlift of 20,000 soldiers to next month's Army maneuvers in Puerto Rico and to fill holes left in the regular MATS system by diverting MATS planes to the maneuvers.

By getting MATS out of the hair of the private airlines. Monroney figured Congress will re-equip it, loxy development of a new U.S. cargo plane jointly sponsored by the Government and private airlinem manufacturers. Says he: "I don't care whether it's pure jet or turbine propeller. In the kind of brush war businesses that may be ahead, we want a large





"That little red camera eye is such a powerful and penetrating beam. It can help so much to light the darkness..."

So wrote Eric Sevareid, distinguished radio and TV news analyst and correspondent, in TV Guide. The point of the piece? "The true story of America is without end. TV has barely touched it."

The knowledgeable commentary of an Eric Sevareid represents only one aspect of TV Gume's appeal. Literally every facet of television is fing game—everything from program previews and reviews to TV's effect on Japan. All of it is objective and authoritative. And TV Gume's hold on more and more readers accounts for its 46% growth in advertising revenue last year.



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capacity aircraft that will operate in and out of short fields." Such a cargo plane would be equally useful to commercial carriers, But Congress would not okay AMATS was no longer directly competitive with the private airlines. It was almost impossible for MATS to get any new equipment of any kind. Last year the House shot down a 860 million item that the carrier of the control of the carrier of the carrier

To win his battle, Monroney enlisted a powerhouse of support: the National Security Council, Air Force Secretary Dud-ley C. Sharpe, Federal Aviation Agency Administrator Elwood R. Quesala (see MAYS) did not vided without a fight. Even in the face of official Air Force approval, it still has its dishard advocates of military competition with business. But at week's end, the word had gone out from week's end, the word had gone out from Curris LeMay, to MAYS officers that they must support the new policy.

BUSINESS ABROAD

More German Miracles

West Germany's astonishing postwar prosperity showed no signs of slackening its headlong pace in 1959, according to figures released last week in Bonn. As the nation's gross national product rose 6.4% to \$59 billion, there were many soaring statistics:

Steel mills poured a record 29.43 million tons, up 3.1 million from 1958.

¶ Automobile plants built a record 1,718,529 cars, 15% more than in 1958. ¶ Exports totaled \$9.8 billion, a gain from

¶ Exports totaled \$9.8 billion, a gain from 1958 of more than \$1 billion. Main items exported: machinery, chemicals, electrical goods, autos.

¶ Long-term public and private loans

overseas rose to more than \$690 million. Private investors snapped up \$300 million in foreign stocks and bonds. So well off is the average German that

So well of its the average Germán coast a recent survey showed that only one man in three and one woman in six now knows what a loaf of bread costs. There are so many more jobs than workers that Bonn's Labor Ministry plants to bring in 100,000 Italian, Spanish and Greek seasonal laborers this year, Bonn's prediction for 1960; another 6% increase in the nation's GN.P.

RECREATION Without Liquid Assets

Four years ago. Don Pruess, onetime underwear salesman, made an unanunderwear salesman, made an unanChemermaid Esther Williams near Santa
Monica. His proposition: a partnership
to mass-produce swimming pools at prices
the average homeowner could afford. Esther Williams would give her name to the
pools, promote them, serve as titular
president of the company, and set 5% of
provide the initial \$5,0.000 capital and
own the stock. Before the afternoon was

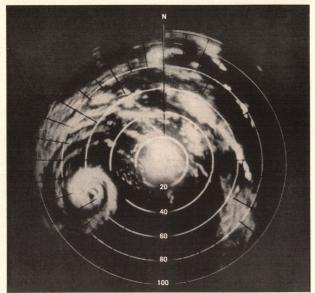


ESTHER WILLIAMS
Things seemed simply swimming.

over, the International Swimming Pool Corp. was launched. On the sales charts, things went swim-

mingly. Thanks largely to Eather Williams' name and lucious presence (she traveled 200,000 miles promoting the pools last year), sales climbed from \$500,000 through 50 distributors in 1956 to more than \$0,000,000 with f26 distributors in 1959. But last December, International voluntarily filed an insolvency statement with a U.S. district court in New York, obtained permission to stay in business while it negotiated with its creditors. The dovious question: Why had profits officed ovirous question: Why had profits officed swimming-pool makers thought it was largely due to poor management.

Last week Chairman Pruess offered another explanation: "The fantastic cost of exploiting and promoting the Esther Williams name and likeness." After estimating that the company had paid its glamorous president \$607,000 in the past three years, Pruess announced that Interna-tional's relationship with Miss Williams "no longer exists." Retorted Actress Williams from Hollywood, after pointing out that she had in fact taken less than the 5% a year due her to help out the com-pany: "If a man can't provide a 5% payment on a \$10 million gross to the person who is the whole reason of the business, I don't think that man should be in charge any more. I'm not accusing him, but I am wondering where the rest of the money went." Her hope is that International's distributors will hold on until September. By then she hopes to have set up her own "sound, well-capitalized company, one way or the other, to market Esther Williams swimming pools.



PORTRAIT OF A KILLER-hurricane off the U.S. East Coast as it appears on screen of Raytheon Stormfinder radar.

Swirt at left is "eye" of storm. Numbers indicate range in miles from radar, located in center.

How a dangerous hurricane is tracked by the U.S. Weather Bureau—with new Raytheon radar

The U.S. Weather Bureau now has a new observation method for accurate prediction of storms and advance warnings to specific localities.

Raytheon "Stormfinder" radars will soon operate at 31 Weather Bureau stations and eight naval installations in a network covering the whole U.S. Seven units are already in service. Stormfinders not only help weathermen locate rain, they also penetrate through rain to focus on the heart of a hurricane or the "hook" of a tornado.

Each 250-mile range radar scans a 200,000-square-mile area. The operator studies whole storm fronts, sees fog, drizzle, snow, shifting winds and forming clouds—weather in the making.

Stormfinders even indicate altitude at which aircraft icing is likely to occur.

By developing and producing equipment that will provide advance storm warnings throughout the entire nation, the 41,000 men and women of Raytheon are making a major contribution to safeguarding property and protecting lives. Excellese in Electronics

RAYTHEON COMPANY Waltham, Massachusetts



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twice proved successful for our United Fund for details without obligation. campaign. Our first success with Ketchum, Inc. help was, of course, the best recommendation we could have had. It was just natural to call on them a second time. And it was a good choice," says Mr. Wilkinson,

This is just one of over 2,600 successful campaigns directed by Ketchum, Inc. for United Funds, Chests, hospitals, colleges, Member, American Assn. of Fund-Raising Counsel

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THE THEATER

One-Woman Evening

A Lovely Light presents Actress Dorothy Stickney far removed from her most famous role. Where in Life with Father she played Mrs. Clarence Day Sr., an entrenched real-life bourgeoise, in her current one-woman show she half impersonates, half interprets Edna St. Vincent Millay, an unfettered real-life bohemian. With a minimum of stage props and commentary, Actress Stickney has woven an autobiographical chronicle out of Edna Millay's poems and letters, from her vouthful dreaming in a Maine seacoast town through her Greenwich Village bohemian days and her married life with





The candle burns at one end.

Eugen Boissevain to her solitary death at 58, in a hilltop house in the Berkshires. A kind of tribute from one who greatly admired Poet Millay's work without knowing the author, A Lovely Light, helpfully directed by Actress Stickney's playwright husband Howard Lindsay, is also a pleasant theater piece. Mingling pert comment and factual color from the letters with the lyrical stresses, responses and longings of the poems, Actress Stickney nicely balances the mockingbird and the nightingale, the humorous down-to-earth snorts and the impassioned cries of a woman responding to nature, or in love, or not in love:

I find this frenzy insufficient reason For conversation when we meet again

I only know that summer sang in me A little while, that in me sings no more.

The actress has found ways to vary her performance, has managed not to sentimentalize and, once past Edna Millay's own cutie-cute period, offers rewarding poetry. It is a likable performance.

But if Actress Stickney respects her material, her material restricts Poet Millay. Only glimpsed through chinks is that mingled poet and woman who during the 1020s crystallized an attitude and epitomized an era. Whether with her gaily illicit valentines or her often vibrant cris du coeur, Edna Millav reshaped romantic love into lyrical sex, was one moment a heartbreaker, the next moment heart-



GREAT LOOKING, GREAT READING



Democracy in Denmark

Once a year the Danes share their love of democracy with the people of the U.S. when thousands of them gather to celebrate the Fourth of July, our day of independence, as wholeheartedly as if it were their own. In its series on Democracy Around the World, LIFE takes you to democratic Demmark this week. In 14 pages of pictures (six in color), you look at a country that has learned to live the good life, where the national appetite for fun is as lively and sparkling as Danish beer.

Astrology anyone?

Time's movie critic Brad Darrach writes about astrology from the earliest dawn or felligion to the flowering of psychoanalysis. Astrology is doing fine in the post-war boom. Today, there are some 5,000 working astrologers. Their fees can run as high as \$100 per horoscope and the business since World War II has boomed to \$12,000,000. They have more than 10,000,000 followers. Some of the more star-struck consult their astrologer on what to weer, where to live and when to make love.



OUT TODAY...

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broken. She made unconventionality chic, but could also, as in picketing for Sacco and Vanzetti, make protest resonant. There was something of a distaff Byron about her, and on the stage of the '20s she was one kind of romantic lead as Scott Fitzgerald was another, Gallant, wind-blown, untidy, she was at once genuine and a little gimcrack, gifted and over-facile, bohemian and childishly

boastful about how her candle burned at both ends

In A Lovely Light the candle burns at one end only, and so ladylike that it could grace a dinner table. The important thing is less that many piquant and pertinent facts in Edna Millay's story are lacking as that, because they are, there is lacking a kind of glowing fiction-and a whole period legend.

MILESTONES

Born. To Marisa Pavan, 27, cinemactress (The Man in the Grev Flannel Suit). twin sister of Cinemactress Pier Angeli; and Jean Pierre Aumont, 49, French cinemactor (The Seventh Sin): their second son; in Santa Monica, Calif. Name: Patrick. Weight: 7 lbs. 12 oz.

Born, To Claire Bloom, 28, brunette British beauty of stage (Rashomon) and screen (Richard III); and Rod Steiger, 34. Methodical bad man of stage and screen (Cry Terror): their first child, a daughter: in Hollywood, Weight: 8 lbs.

Died. Dorothy Wyndham Paget, 54, onetime British debutante who gave up sports-car racing for horse breeding, in her lifetime spent close to \$10 million (from a horsecar and trolley fortune inherited from her grandfather William C. Whitney. Secretary of the Navy in Grover Cleveland's Cabinet), saddled the winners of 1.532 races, including the peerless Golden Miller, winner of the Grand National in 1934; of a heart attack; in Chalfont St. Giles, England.

Died. Igor V. Kurchatov, 57, Soviet physicist who began tentative nuclear studies in the 1930s, ended up directing the fierce-driving organization that produced the Soviet atomic bomb in 1949. the hydrogen bomb in 1053: of a heart attack: in Moscow, The first Soviet atomic explosion came as a shock to the West largely because it was ignorant of the years of preparation of Kurchatov and his colleagues. Kurchatov, in fact, boasted that Russia invented the first real hydrogen bomb, since the thermonuclear device exploded earlier by the U.S. was too large to serve as a weapon.

Died. Jennie Goldstein, 64, actress in the Yiddish theater for 57 years (Slaves of Luxury, Should a Mother Tell?), revered by her fans as the "Ethel Barrymore of Second Avenue"; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Walter Hubert Baddeley, 6s. Anglican Bishop of Blackburn, who as a missionary in the South Seas (Bishop of Melanesia) during World War II bundled his charges on Florida Island (in the Solomons) off to the hills when the Japanese arrived, set up a leaf hut as his episcopal seat and ran a hospital and leper colony until the Americans landed; in Clayton-le-Dale, England.

Died. Robert Edwin ("Bobby") Clark. 71, comedian who convulsed audiences for decades by his frantic pace, grease-painted eveglasses, a cigar that was sometimes in his mouth, sometimes flying through the air, a leer that "lit up the whole theater": livened the dated comedies of Sheridan and Congreve with such earthy humor that critics acclaimed him the "funniest clown in the world"; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. After struggling to the top through the rich medium of vaudeville, circus, burlesque, Bobby ad-libbed through a series of revivals that were not worth reviving without him, In Victor Herbert's Sweethearts, he confided to the audience: "Never was a thin plot so complicated." When informed in Molière's The Would-Be Gentleman that the alphabet is divided into vowels and consonents, he rejoined: "That's only fair." A master of low comedy. Bobby brought craftsmanship to roles great and small. His favorite dramatist: Shakespeare, because "the clowns never get killed."

Died. Major General Oscar von Hindenburg, 77, Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg's son, who influenced his father, when President of Germany, to come to terms with Hitler's National Socialists, as a reward was permitted to gobble up land tax-free in East Prussia; in Bad Harzburg. West Germany.

Died. Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, 79, architect of some of Britain's handsomest buildings (including the restored House of Commons), who, though a Roman Catholic, designed the Anglican Cathedral at Liverpool, over a lifetime watched it go up but did not live to see it finished: in London.

Died, Ernst von Dohnányi, 82, Hungarian composer whose works (Suite in F-Sharb Minor, Variations on a Nursery Song) hewed closely to the style of 19th century romanticism; in Manhattan.

Died. Betsy. o. chimpanzee, whose speedily created (a dozen in half an hour) abstract finger paintings were compared with the works of de Kooning, fetched a total price of \$4,500, received a stinging rebuke from Soviet Culture: "It is the most shining example of the decay of bourgeois art"; after a broken leg suffered when her mate (purchased, ironically, with the proceeds from sales of her paintings) tumbled on her at the zoo; in Baltimore.



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BOOKS

In Saki's Steps

Kiss Kiss (308 pp.)—Roald Dahl— Knopf (\$3.95).

Author Dahl's gallery of females includes a warmhearted landlady of Bath with gentle blue eyes and an enviable taller ent in taxidermy. Tiny Mrs. Footé, on the other hand, has a soft and rather silly look and shows agitation only when fearing she may mits a train or plane. Hearty Miss and her skill at games is evidenced by her large pink face, broad shoulders and bulging calves.

Lovely ladies, indeed, but heaven help the poor man who falls into their clutches. His fate may well be death—or worse than death. The landlady, for instance, likes to poison her boarders, the better to practice taxidermy, while Mrs. Foster calmly ignores her husband's cries and leaves him to die in a stalled elevator.

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The greatest danger facing a writer of this genre is that of tipping his hand too early in the story. Author Dahl perhaps gives the game away in Parson's Pleasure and Genesis and Catastrophe but makes amends in Royal Jelly, where the plot is nobly saved by an ingenious double ending. Some of the others earn high marks: William and Mary features a neat and neatly solved contest between a wife and her dead husband's brain, which lives on in a basin; Georgy Porgy shows how a man can literally lose himself in a woman.

Along with making a reader's skin crawl, Dahl hands out primer instruction in such arts as beekeeping, the poaching of pheasants, Chippendale antiques, and the transmigration of souls, British-born Roald (rhymes with you-all) Dahl is interested in all these matters as well as in good wine. roses and birds (he owns 100 parakeets). Thin, balding and scholarly looking, he is as inconspicuous as one of his own characters. But his work closely resembles that of another British expert in horror. Saki, particularly in casual bloodthirstiness and ghoulish wit, and he very nearly equals Saki in fiendish invention. His one complaint: "People miss the humor in my stories because they're so intent on being made to squirm."

Royal Square

QUEEN MARY (654 pp.)—James Pope-Hennessy—Knopf (\$10).

Before King George III lost his reason and 13 colonies, he fathered 15 children. One great-granddaughter lived to present a silver gilt cup, once the property of poor mad George, to her great-grandchild-Prince Charles, present heir to the throne of England. She thus placed herself dead center in that huge tract of time between Saratoga and V-E day. Born Victoria Mary of Teck in 1867, she was called "May" by her family, and she is known to recent memory as Oueen Mary, wife of George V, her second cousin once re-moved. With her pastel parasols, tailored suits and hats designed by some puckish confectioner, she was an anachronistic though never absurd figure.

This official biography by British Au-



QUEEN MARY GATHERING FIREWOOD Greatness with a housewife's passion.

ther James Pope-Hennessy may daunt some Americans, but those who are prepared to penetrate the thickets of multiple anames and ever-shifting titles will read a coolly shrewd account of a woman remarkable in her own right, and survey a stretch of history lit with the kind of irony that only the truly simple-minded shed upon great events. May was a square. The "Rovd Mob." Her story begins

in that barely imaginable time when a perpetual game of musical chairs was being played with thrones, and Queen Victoria was at the piano. In 1866, a splendidly mustachioed cavalry officer, one Francis, Duke of Teck, had married Mary Adelaide, the dumpy daughter of a Hanoverian duke of Cambridge, Although Teck was only an inconsiderable German principality. Francis thus won the right to join what the Queen herself called "the Royal Mob" of princelings clustering about Victoria's opulent patronage. They were an oddly innocent lot of hobbledehoys, but dedicated to their businessjobs and titles, endless meals and dressing up, places to live and places to die. Papa ("Der schöne Uhlan," the Mob called him) got himself appointed Honorary Colonel of the Post Office Volunteers. He dutifully went under canvas with his pugnacious battalion, but he was pretty much of a failure, declined into rose pruning, and died after a sad "softening of the brain."

Of this unlikely pair, May was born to greatness of a sort. Lineage, decorum and diligence (constant letter writing and diary keeping) commended her to Victoria, and she was chosen to marry Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, in direct line for the throne. Alas, Prince "Eddy." as they called him, was not very bright but very dissipated, and he died-in the usual semipublic royal fashion, with May and his family at his bedside-in a "noisy and frightful delirium." There remained George, Duke of York, Eddy's younger brother, a naval officer. After a suitable interval, bluff George and reticent May were married, and set up house at York Cottage, near Sandringham, practically a split-level by royal standards. George had his quirks and foibles, and his language owed more to the quarterdeck than to his quarterings. But he had more character than a bulldog and, like May, he was frankly a square. "There seems to me to be too much money spent on gilding. I hate gilding," was one of his rare judgments. Each night while George was in his library with the Times or his stamp collection. May dutifully played an educational card game with the children or read to them and made them knit scarves to stop their fidgets.

A Doll's House. Few things ever disturbed this plush-upholstered Eden. To her gratified surprise. May heard the crude colonials cheer her and George when they went to Australia in 1901 to open its first federal Parliament. But when suffrageties later raised their voices, May agreed with her aunt, who remarked: some Island?" One female killed herself under George's horse as it was running in

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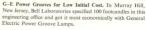
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TIME, FEBRUARY 22, 1960

LITTLE PEAS

with Verne





Today, however, the rare taste of two exceptional kinds of peas has caused the bolder sort of men to eat peas more often. One of these kinds, as you well know, is the celebrated petits pois of France. The other is its only rival, a special kind of peas being grown on certain acres in

this country. These little American peas are very sprightly to the taste. They're little peas with verve. Very young and tender. Their flavor quite unlike that of any other peas you may have tasted.

This most unusual flavor begins with the genealogy of these little peas. They are grown from seed developed through hundreds of recorded breedings and crossbreedings. This seed is planted in soils specially reserved for its nurture, in a climate peas like best.

The stripling plants are carefully tended during their brief life. And when the little peas have achieved their peak flavor, they are picked and packed promptly to retain all their succulence.

These verve-v little peas are called Le Sueur Brand peas. Finer grocers do their best to keep them in supply. May we suggest that you order several tins and enjoy them tonight? Or Thursday?

LE SUEUR

Very Young Small

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the Derby, "Poor Jones," wrote May of the jockey, who was shaken up in the incident. Still, it seemed that the Victorian solstice of splendor and security would last forever, and there was always "Uncle Wales" between the royal couple and the awful duties of the throne.

But Uncle Wales (Edward VII) died in 1910, and George and May ascended the throne. Through the rigors of the first World War, the death of a son in World War II (the Duke of Kent, killed on a military mission) and the defection (to Mrs. Wallis Simpson) of another, May comported herself with honor, devotion and gravity not unmixed with a shy and pawkish humor. In the nature of its job royalty is condemned to the kind of madness that belongs to actors who must "believe" in their role before they can go on stage. Queen Mary played many difficult parts without losing her magnificent sanity. Even in World War II, bundled out of London to an estate in Gloucestershire, she kept on the job, collecting firewood and other useful objects for the war effort. Until her death in 1953, a housewife's order was her sensible pass

Perhaps the most ironical item in Biographer Pope-Hennessy's long catalogue of important trivia in Queen Mary's life concerns the fabulous doll's house completed for her by Architect Sir Edward Lutyens in 1924, at the very time he was also busy building a New Delhi palace for the Viceroy of India, it was thought, but for the President of India, as it turned out. The doll's house was an omen that May's world would eventually shrink to the compass of a toy.

L'Amour the Merrier

LOVE AND THE FRENCH (368 pp.)-Nina Epton-World (\$5).

Whether or not the French deserve their frequently self-bestowed laurels as great lovers, few would deny that they are consummate kiss-and-tell artists. Over the centuries, they have told all in diaries letters, memoirs, novels and the social chronicles of boudoir, salon and brothel. With one eye on the lofty mystery of love and the other hovering at the keyhole, British Author Nina Epton scans the Gallic love parade in an amusing though helter-skelter review.

Romantic love did not always exist, says Author Epton. It was invented by the troubadours, the hobohemian minstrel poets of the late Middle Ages. Medieval ladies spent half their time racing across the jousting fields with buckets of hot water, bathing and bandaging strange men. It remained for the troubadours to glamorize the knight-lady relationship and raise it to the level of a semimystical romantic cult. For all their platonic, fig-leafy sentiments, the troubadours themselves were a crudely carnal lot, and they gave romance in France a lasting split personality: love and marriage became contradictory terms.

What Is Suitable, Medieval marriage was more fearful than joyful. Titled gentlemen thought nothing of punching their wives in the face, and ladies were often

Love Letters to Rambler



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TIME, FEBRUARY 22, 1960

When Men Scorned "Women's Rights"...



A merican women first organized to plead for their rights in 1848—twelve years before THE GUARDIAN was founded. But Votes for Women provoked jeers and laughter until August, 1920, when the 19th Amendment to the Constitution was passed.

Today women not only vote, but excel in many areas once the exclusive domain of men. The hand that rocks the cradle also owns a majority interest in many of America's leading corporations.

It is source of gratification to THE GUARDAN that one of its first policies was issued to Miss A. Liddy Burckner of New York. The practice of insuring women inspired THE CHICAGO THES to advise insurance companies "to have the surrounding country surveyed, the number and depths of stream registered and the character examined of the horses driven by the applicants... also to insist that the husband of each

assured wife be a member in good standing of a hook and ladder company, whereby he would be able to rescue his wife in case of fire."

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disfigured for life with broken noses. Husbands were cruelly vindictive to errant wives. When the Dame de Fayel's husband discovered that she kept her dead lover's heart in a casket, he had it plucked out openly kept concubines till the rish century, bodily love hore the taint of anathema. Sample bedgear for many a medieval wife was the chemize cagoude, "a heavy night-dress with a suitably placed hole unter his wife while avoiding any other contact."

Ciothes, or the lack of them, naturally obsessed the fashion-conscious French amorists. During the 14th and 15th centuries, women wore disconcertingly low-necked dresses, lacing their breasts so high control of the c

Panties or knickers were invented because of Henry IT's wife. Catherine de Medici, whose shapely legs were all too visble riding sidesaddle on windy days. Ironically, conservative i6th century moralists resisted the innovation. "Women should leave their buttocks uncovered under their skirts," they said, "They shall but leave their behinds nude as is suitable for their sex."

Order of Aphrodites. But from the moralist's point of view, the worst was to come. It was the era of the great royal mistresses (Maintenon, Pompadour, Du Barry) and of the monsters of sex (notiation) was exagged; experiment of the moral was sagged; experiment of the moral was a sagged; experiment of the moral was a sagged; experiment of the moral was a compared to the moral was a contraction of the m

Perhaps the most advanced debauchee set the world has ever known was the French Order of the Aphrodites. The membership fee was £10,000 for a gentleman and £5,000 for a lady. The order was limited to 200 members, each of whom had to pass a rigorous three-hour test.

The Ashrodites' magnificent "country house" had an alar of love gods and god-desses and pink, taffeta-lined boxes for private love sessions, each fitted out with ingeniously placed peepholes. A journal of one of the female Ashrodites lists 4,959 amorous rendezvous in 20 years. This included 272 princes and prelates, 920 officers, 921 rabbis, 342 financiers, 429 monkts, 440 socialities, 119 monktians, 470 Neorees described to the proposed proposed proposed absence in London").

Came the Revolution, George Sand's

grandmother once told her that "the Revolution brought old age into the world."

Certainly, the tumbrils seemed to cart off some of the zest of Author Epton's chron-



Agnès Sorel as Madonna Candelabra.

ide. Napoleon, the self-made emperor, botted his lower affairs the way he bolted his meals. Lovers, who had been pretty vigorous since the Renaissance, again began to talk about dying. A book on How to Succeed in Love, published in 1820, suggested fainting fits, attacks of hysteria, and suicide threats. Morbid romanticism subsequently gave your due to the century, some courses were known to vary the price of their favors depending on the fluctuations of the stock market.

To judge by the meager 30 pages she devotes to it, Historian Epton seems to feel that the 20th century is one of love's bear markets. Who killed Eros? Women did, by "becoming too much like men. Their curiosity value has declined." In compiling her Erostatistics, the author has done a lot to boost that curiosity value.

Mixed Fiction

The House Pace, by Robert Show (254 pp.; World: \$3.50), concerns two British, airmen who parachute over Bonn from a burning Lancaster during the closing months of World War II. A meek, whyp druggist's clerk takes them into his house, feeds them, and misdirects a Gestapo search party. The flyers congratulate themselves on their luck and hide out for a week in the clerk's wine cellar. But one morning when they awaken, they are chained and handcuffed.

Seven years later, in 1952, they are still there. Hans, their captor, has told them of the war's progress; Germany, with its jet planes and guided missiles, is winning, and the collapse of the Allies must come soon. Dressed in civil defense uniform, he serves breakfast and dinner to his prisoners, breakfast and finner to his prisoners, and frets like a mother if one of the men seems out of sorts.

Both Kafka and Orwell might have cre-

ated the author's weird wine cellar-Kafka so that the flyers might molder in the hallucinatory dark. Orwell in order that they might escape to comment ironically on the world's regress. But British Author Shaw, a stage and movie actor who wrote the book between engagements, describes his characters deftly in the manner of the standard psychological novel. Hans is a latent homosexual who tends his human house pets as a kind of offering to his Fuehrer and his dead, domineering mother. Wilson, the older of the two flyers, has discovered a talent for writing and has come to love his cell. Connolly, his friend, is near collapse; reveries of his wife have a narcotic intensity, and when they are replaced, it is by suicidal depresson. Each man realizes, finally, that he has found a certain amount of selfknowledge in the hiding place. The book makes its point well enough, but the quiet conclusion is disappointing. The allegory that the reader suspected at the beginning was there all right, locked in with Wilson and Connolly. At the book's end it is still trying feebly to get out.

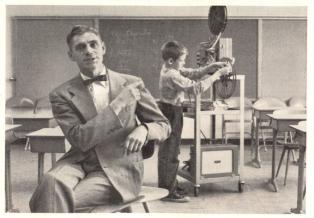
A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ, by Walter M. Miller Jr. (320 pp.; Lippincott; \$4.95), belongs to the growing literature of the A-cum-H-bomb jitters. As the book opens, it is early in the 32nd century A.D. Thermonuclear warfare has made the cultural desert. Misshapen biological monsters and primitive nomadic tribes roam the land, while a few neo-feudal barons control certain territories-for instance, "Texarkana," The only oases of learning in this new Dark Age are the monastic orders of the Roman Catholic Church. which has miraculously survived the holocaust of the "Flame Deluge," albeit with a "New Rome." The desert monastery around which this book revolves is Leibowitz Abbey.

Its patron saint, the Blessed Martyr Leibowitz (canonized in the course of the novel), was an electronics engineer strangled and roasted alive by the mob in the anti-scientist massacres following the Flame Deluge. Among the memorabilia which the monastery preserves are scraps of books and diagrams that gradually result in the rediscovery of electricity and other appurtenances of the "Golden Age" of the 20th century. Proud as Jove, the blind earthlings hurl the megatons all over again. At novel's end, a picked band of the monks, bravely singing old space chanteys, boards a "starship" for outer space and another of man's eternal second chances.

Author Miller proves himself chillingly effective at communicating a kind of post-human lunar. Iandscape of disaster. His atth in religious faith is commendable atthem to the communication of the commendable whether he believes that better bomb selters or more Roman Catholics are the hope of the world. On the flyleaf of conticle for Lethowitz, Novelius Miller writes, "A dedication is only a servine with the communication of t



At the New Gardiner Manor Elementary School, Bay Shore, Long Island, N. Y., selected by A.A.S.A. for its exhibit of outstanding school designs, Michael Furin, Visual Aids Coordinator says:



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TIME, FEBRUARY 22, 1960



(SEE BACK COVER)

The Wonderful World of **Hilton Hotels**

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The Palmer House DETROIT The Statler Hilton CINCINNATI Netherland Hilton Terrace Hilton WESTERN DIVISION

BEVERLY HILLS The Beverly Hilton LOS ANGELES The Statler Hilton SAN FRANCISCO Hilton Inn DENVER The Denver Hilton (Opening 1960) SAN ANTONIO Hilton Hotel

Hilton Inn

CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO HOUSTON Palacio Hilton The Shamrock Hilton INTERNATIONAL DIVISION

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

A Journey to the Center of the Earth (from Jules Verne's novel) follows James Mason as he descends into an extinct vol cano in Iceland, spends almost a year underground with such companions as Plucky Youth Pat Boone and Beautiful Widow Arlene Dahl, is coughed back up through the crater of Mount Stromboli. A grandly entertaining spoof.

Ikiru (Japanese) is perhaps the finest achievement of Director Akira (Rashomon) Kurosawa, a masterwork of burning social conscience and hard-eyed psychological realism. The central figure is dving of cancer; his final months lead through the discovery of goodness to one of the cruelest pieces of sustained misanthropy the screen has ever shown.

Our Man in Havana. Ably abetted by Alec Guinness and Noel Coward. Director Carol Reed has turned out a screen version of Graham Greene's bestseller that starts as a wonderfully silly spoof of a spy thriller and winds up tickling the ribs with the stiletto of political satire.

Rosemary (German). The true-life story of Rosie Nitribitt, a shabby little prostitute who eventually became one of the highestpriced women in West Germany. Bubbly champagne farce turns into solemn social

The Bridal Path. This bucolic bit of Scottish dialogue has to be heard to be misunderstood, but Bill Travers' romp through the heather is a high jink an' diddle.

Ivan the Terrible: Part 2—The Revolt

of the Boyars. The second installment of the late Sergei Eisenstein's lugubrious but magnificent film chronicle of the reign of the Russian Czar bears little resemblance to the historical figure, is frankly and cunningly intended to represent Stalin.

Black Orpheus (French). An astonishing adaptation of the old legend, excitingly played by a Negro cast and impressively directed by Marcel Camus. The 400 Blows (French). A stunni

metaphorical story of a small boy's flight toward freedom and away from the uncaring, desperate world of his parents Ben-Hur. One of the biggest bestsellers in U.S. history turned into the most expensive (\$15 million) movie ever made-

and worth every penny of it. The Magician (Swedish). Something of a magician himself, brilliant Writer-Director Ingmar Bergman unfolds an eerie tale of a mid-19th century Mesmer.

TELEVISION

Wed., Feb. 17 Armstrong Circle Theater (CBS, 10-11 p.m.).* The story of a misguided 14vear-old in possession of a pistol gives Iron City Justice a chance to tell a larger tale: Pittsburgh's successful approach to the problem of juvenile delinquency.

Thurs., Feb. 18 The Winter Olympics (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The opening ceremonies at Squaw Valley. The network will stay on hand, taping the competition and transmitting shows at appropriate times until the games end on Feb. 28.

* All times E.S.T.

Du Pont Show of the Month (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Sailor Sterling Hayden, home from the South Seas to straighten out his own marital tangle, stars in Ethan Frome, Edith Wharton's story of marital and extramarital troubles in 19th century New England, Co-stars: Julie Harris and Clarice Blackburn.

Fri., Feb. 19 Not So Long Ago (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). For no particular reason, Bob Hope looks back beyond the '50s to the last half of the '40s. Film clips, music and fancy comment.

The Citadel (ABC, 8:30-10 p.m.). Dr. A. J. Cronin's highly successful novel about the highly successful, coal-minesto-Mayfair career of a young Scottish doctor gets one more working over from Ann Blyth, James Donald and Louis Hayward.

Sat., Feb. 20 World Wide 60 (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Requiem for Mary Jo recounts the story behind a religious service entirely in jazz, created by Methodist Ed Summerlin, after the death of his infant daughter.

Sun., Feb. 21 Johns Hopkins File 7 (ABC, 12 noon-12:30 p.m.). An unusual opportunity for esoteric music buffs. "The Baltimore Woodwinds" present A Quintet Concert, with flute, oboe, bassoon, clarinet and French horn, playing Vivaldi, Vincent Persichetti and Jacques Ibert.

Conquest (CBS, 5-5:30 p.m.). Host Charles Collingwood conducts a tour of the Naval Air Development Center at Johnsville, Pa., where a naval medical officer simulates space travel.

Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). A report on the country's largest shooting gallery, the missile tracking setup that stretches across the Atlantic from Cape Canaveral to Ascension Island. Our American Heritage (NBC, 8-9

p.m.). Shadow of a Soldier describes the last days in the life of Ulysses S. Grant (played by James Whitmore). With Melvyn Douglas, as Mark Twain, who talked Grant into writing his memoirs, and John Baragrey as Robert E. Lee.

THEATER

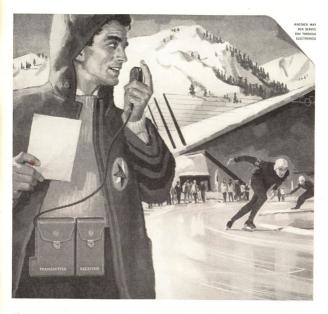
On Broadway

The Andersonville Trial. With overtones of Nuremberg, the play re-creates the officer who ran the camp for Union prisoners at Andersonville, Ga. Playwright Saul Levitt ultimately fails to search out the moral issue he raises; but the courtroom battle, theatrically charged by Director José Ferrer, makes a better-than-average evening of theater.

Five Finger Exercise. An underground fire, fed by the mutual antagonisms in a pointedly average family, finally breaks out on the surface and nearly kills a young tutor. A deft effort by British Playwright Peter Shaffer.

Fiorello! In a light and unpretentious musical. Actor Tom Bosley makes the most of his Little Flower pot, startlingly returns to New York City the effervescent personality of Mayor La Guardia.

The Miracle Worker. Superb perform-



"Silent Megaphones" speed ice events at Squaw Valley

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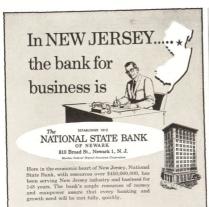
From the opening parade through the closing ceremonies, the staging, coordination, and officiating problems will be greatly simplified. And few people will be aware of the "Belt" radios, for they are contained in two small leather pouches, wor on the belt.

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ances by Actresses Anne Bancroft and 13year-old Patty Duke, in a moving though far from perfect play, make extremely effective theater of Helen Keller's early life.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Grant Moves South, by Bruce Catton. The Civil War now takes longer to read about than it took to fight, but the latest book is a good one: a description of Grant's two-year metamorphosis from

hestan commander to superb tactician.

Heriage and Its History, by Ivy
Compton-Burnett. In impeccably stylized
dialogue, the author writes her 16th ostensibly comic novel, brimful of the vanity
of human wishes and the tragic fatality
of ancient Greek drama.

The Wayward Wife, by Alberto Mo-

The Wayward Wife, by Alberto Moravia. Sex is more a scourge than an urge in this collection of sourly skilled short

Brazen Chariots, by Robert Crisp. For the men of the tank corps, the baptism of fire was often a requiem. They have at last received a literary citation from a gallant South African major.

Boswell for the Defence: 1769-1774, edited by William K. Wimsatt Jr. and Frederick A. Pottle. Bozzy gives a spirited account of his early, tumultuous years as husband and Edinburgh attorney. Volume

VII of the Yale series.

The Last Valley, by J. B. Pick. An existential parable of men caught in the senseless violence of the waning Thirty Years' War.

The Sage of Sex, by Arthur Calder-Marshall. A slyly barbed and engrossing biography of that eminent Victorian, Sexologist Havelock Ellis.

The Good Light, by Karl Bjarnhof. Finding words for the things that are too terrible for words, this author writes a moving, fictionalized chronicle of his descent into blindness.

The Longest Day, by Cornelius Ryan, A fascinating look at the invasion of Normandy.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Advise and Consent, Drury (2)*

Hawaii, Michener (1)
 Dear and Glorious Physician,

Caldwell (4)
4. The Devil's Advocate, West (3)

5. Poor No More, Ruark (5)
6. The Darkness and the Dawn,

Costain (7)
Exodus, Uris (6)
The War Lover, Hersey (9)
Two Weeks in Another Town, Shaw

10. The Ugly American, Lederer and Burdick (8) NONFICTION

1. Folk Medicine, Jarvis (2) 2. Act One, Hart (1) 3. May This House Be Safe from Tigers,

4. My Wicked, Wicked Ways, Flynn (6)

5. The Longest Day, Ryan (4) 6. The Joy of Music, Bernstein (8) 7. The Status Seekers, Packard (9)

8. This Is My God, Wouk (7)
9. The Armada, Mattingly (5)
10. The Elements of Style,
Strunk and White (10)

e Position on last week's list.

114

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to the lobby and delivered the wire promptly. This little act of thoughtfulnes is an example in the tradition of Hilton service, like the arrival of the morning paper with breakfast in your room, or your travel needs being met with speed and courtesy. Whether it's sparent or behind the scenes, Hilton service is always at your fingerties, it's not of the many reasons why Frederick and his parents will always choose a Hilton Hotel whenever and wherever they may travel.

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